

SLINGSHOT

Military Veterans and Their Role in Revolution



By Michael Clift

This article is directed to veterans who are frustrated with the direction their lives have taken. The Establishment expects us to come home and get back in the game, but we know it isn't that easy. They would like us to sink into the couch and keep our appointments, get back to working and keep waving that flag; that flag that shrouds thousands of coffins. A flag that only gets buried with *good* soldiers, not chicken shits or suicides.

They do not expect us to show up at anti-war rallies or police brutality marches; they do not expect us to produce art and poetry and beautiful things; they do not expect us to LIVE beyond our usefulness to them, they do not expect us to ride bicycles across the country, teach, and speak at schools and libraries.

killed their leaders; particularly when the army is getting its ass handed to them and it seems the war is lost. And veterans have led

'How come with the thousands of black cops in America you ain't never picked up the paper, turned on the TV, or the news and seen white folk crying because this black cop shot my loved one in the back of the head cause he thought the cellphone was a gun. How come you don't see that? You think black cops is more spiritual? You think better qualified? Nah. They got enough sense to know that white folks ain't going to tolerate it. And the only reason they do to us what they do cause you tolerate it.' -Dick Gregory

By Omar Ricks, Ph.D.

Sometimes, different people can independently arrive at the same conclusion. I didn't start and haven't been affiliated with the Black Lives Matter Movement, but I respect their analysis of the problem and their desire to end it. Around the same time as #BLM was starting, I, like many other people, was thinking along the same lines about what the fundamental problem was behind seemingly rampant police murders of Black people. And for once, I didn't feel alone in centering the problem of what Black life *means*. If Black life doesn't *mean* anything, the USA would be a genocidal slave state in which the killing and

The Problem of Black Lives MATTERING

widely considered acceptable, regardless of guilt or innocence, gender, socioeconomic status, or other factors. And that's exactly what it is.

#BLM (Black Lives Matter) is a grassroots coalition-based social movement started in the United States by Alicia Garza, Patrisse Cullors, and Opal Tometi in the wake of several unpunished (or lightly punished) incidents of police killing unarmed Black people, including the killing of Oscar Grant and Kenneth Harding in Oakland, as well as Trayvon Martin, Eric Garner, Renisha McBride, and Michael Brown. While it consists of people with diverse viewpoints and tactics, the movement's central aim is to oppose the systematic normalization of Black people's deaths, which makes violence against Black people more likely and more acceptable. #BLM began as a social media movement, but has quickly become an on-the-ground social movement with many different actors and organizations that aren't necessarily connected as one organization but have the same general aims.

Actions and policies of the state result in the disproportionate killing, injuring, and incarceration of Black people, but the

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They do not expect us to stand up and fight back. They hope that the fight has been driven out of us. We are supposed to be too tired and wasted to struggle against them, but we are supposed to be apathetic and jaded; and we are to be grateful.

Ever since the first army was mustered, soldiers have borne the brunt of a nation's poor choices. The nation suffers whether in victory or defeat, and every victory brings more problems and gives birth to new enemies. Every defeat heaps on more suffering and discontent. There is no escaping the fact that warfare is the sad, slow, suicide of humanity.

Throughout history, soldiers have mutinied, rebelled against the chain of command, and



killed their leaders; particularly when the army is getting its ass handed to them and it seems the war is lost. And veterans have led resistance to injustice after their service. Some of the better-known instances of military veterans participating in acts of civil disobedience, or even outright revolt, are Shay's Rebellion and the Bonus Army, the GI Resistance Movement during Vietnam, and the Occupy movement. Everyone comes home knowing the war is fucked, but fewer ever stand up to say it.

During the formative months of Occupy, every encampment had its share of homeless veterans spanning the generations. It was possible to share a bottle of cheap liquor with 4 generations of veterans standing in the driving

Continued on Page 17

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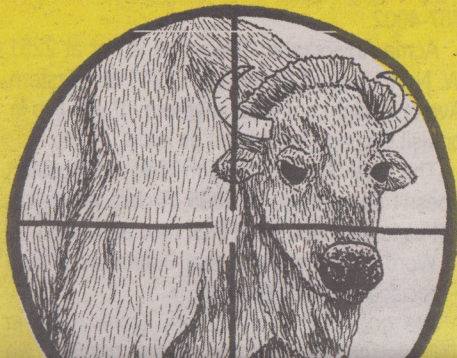
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THE WAR AGAINST YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK BISON AND WOLVES



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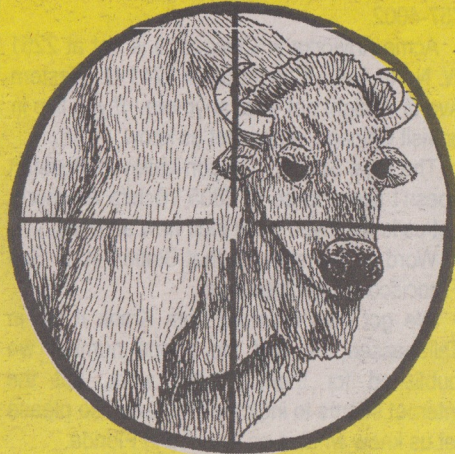
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by Dagmar (Eggplant) Spannagel

I grew up in Berkeley in the fifties and sixties,
and have been a social and animal activist for
most of my adult life. I moved to Montana
almost seven years ago to be closer to the
wolves and Yellowstone National Park Bison
that I love. My heart is heavy with pain because
of the war on wildlife in Montana and in other
wolf states in the west. As I write this, I am in
West Yellowstone, Montana, with Buffalo Field
Campaign, trying to bring attention to, and stop
the current slaughter of the small population of
some 4,000 genetically unique and pure
remaining wild bison. This last remaining
population survived from the approximately
60,000,000 sacred beasts that were
slaughtered in the 1800's to cut off the food
sources of the Plains Indians, so that the

THE WAR AGAINST YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK BISON AND WOLVES

**Here in Montana, the fourth
largest state, with approximately
two and one half million cattle,
and over half a million sheep, 34
cows, 9 sheep, 1 miniature horse,
and 1 dog have been confirmed
killed by wolves.**

Indigenous Peoples could be removed from
their land, be put on reservations, and the land
settled by Europeans. These Native Americans
had, and still have a strong Spiritual
relationship with their world, including the
animals.

As I write this, over 500 Yellowstone
National Park Bison have already been baited
and hazed into capture facilities inside

Yellowstone National Park by The National
Park Service, and shipped to slaughter. They
want to capture an additional 400 to 500 of
these Sacred wild animals and also ship them
to slaughter. This is in addition to the regular
hunting season kills and Treaty Hunts. I have
already shed my tears for them today. Buffalo
Field Campaign needs volunteers to come to



West Yellowstone to help to stop this slaughter,
as well as to help to get them placed on the
Endangered Species Act List.

Endangered Species Act (ESA) protections
have been removed from wolves and
management turned over to each states' fish
and game agency by a sneaky rider attached to
a Congressional Budget Bill which has
produced disastrous results. These states are
controlled by the livestock, hunting and
resource extraction industries, and government
officials have a hatred for wolves and bison due
to lies, fables, greed and ignorance. Here in

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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

One of the functions of media is to capture events, people and issues of the day as they unfold and transform. Reality isn't static. When recording an event or experience, it is important to maintain the life behind the scene, to keep it fermenting. Even the format of this paper shifts. Recently the post office ordered us to mail the paper in an envelope, not put labels on the back. This is a mixed blessing. On the one hand we now have more of the back cover for content where there used to be postal information. It also means we had to move the calendar to page 19.

As we go to print, the downtown Berkeley Post Office is the site of a year-long occupation. A 24-hour vigil demands that another service for the public trust not be sold and turned into more banal shops. The brokers are Richard Blum and developers who regard money above what the people who live here actually want. The vigil can use more people. Mostly, it's a homeless encampment, which reveals the sad state of things in the Bay Area. People are either too busy making money to invest in protesting—or they are able to be on the front lines as long as they can live with abject poverty. The recent Black Lives Matter protests are a notable exception, with a consistently reinvigorating turnout. It suggests what we could accomplish if more people turned out for protests and direct action. We attempted to make a special issue in late December to document the feverish amount of activity but couldn't rope in enough people to drop everything and write. We kept that theme as a cornerstone for this issue and we welcome more uprisings to inspire a future "emergency issue."

Failure, loss, and disappointment are important aspects of fighting the war of resistance. Losing a cause like the post office is something we can learn from... and should. But losing a person is a deeper thing. The black lives stolen by police demonstrate how frustrating and soul-crushing death is. Losing people in the struggle creates a unique hole, for they are the people who make up the front line of engagement when it would seem that the whole world is oblivious. It saddens us that many radical aspects of a city we love, like nearby SF, are dying or being killed off. The death

Holding Physical Space

infoshops

coops

radical

spaces

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Here's some radical spaces *Slingshot* found out about since we published the *2015 Organizer*, plus some corrections to the *Organizer*. These spaces are the Bert to the Ernie of recent militant street action coast-to-coast. Each needs the other to build an enduring radical grassroots movement because you need to hold physical space to build the deep communities that are so crucial. Visit these spaces or find one near you with *Slingshot's* on-line radical contact list: slingshot.tao.ca/contacts

La Conca / Ovarian Psychos Bicycle Brigade – Los Angeles, CA

A community center featuring film screenings, self defense classes, shows, and women's bicycle events operated by an all-women-of-color feminist bicycle collective. Their website says "we envision a world where women are change agents who create and maintain holistic health in themselves and their respective communities for present and future generations." Hell yeah. 1214 East 1st St. Los Angeles, CA 90033 ovarianpsychos.com



Eso Won Bookstore – Los Angeles, CA
Independent Black-owned social justice-focused bookstore. EsoWon means "water over rocks". 4327 Deghan Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90008 323-290-1048. Esowonbookstore.com

Change Point – Reno, NV

A harm reduction drop in center with HIV testing, safe injection supplies, condoms, hygiene items with coffee and pastries. Anyone is invited to visit. They focus on injection drug users, homeless people, sex workers, people in extreme poverty and transgender people. Operated by Northern Nevada HOPES. 445 Ralston St. Reno, NV 89503 775-997-7519 nnhopes.org

Chuco's Justice Center – Inglewood, CA

Community center for education and organization with a focus on incarceration / police brutality and also a hub for dozens of grassroots groups. 1137 E Redondo Blvd., Inglewood, CA 90302 323-235-4243

Cocoon Room – Milwaukee, WI

A show space and art gallery. *820 E. Locust Street Milwaukee, WI 53212

Yin-Yang Fandango & The Tango Tea Room – Corpus Christi, TX

A privately owned vegan/veggie cafe that has

Iowa Citizens for Community Improvement – Des Moines, IA

A non-profit grassroots organization focused on environmental and economic justice. 2001 Forest Ave, Des Moines, IA 50311 www.iowacci.org

Vermont Workers' Center – Burlington, VT

A non-profit grassroots organization focused on worker and labor issues. 294 N Winooski Ave., Burlington VT 05401 802-861 4892 www.workerscenter.org

Pehrspace – Los Angeles CA

Community art space and all-ages music venue. 325 Glendale Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026 213-483-7347

Raíces Infoshop y Cocina Vegana – Tijuana, Mexico

An infoshop with a book store, bilingual zine and book library and free internet. They host ESL and Spanish classes, movies, shows and DIY workshops. They share the space with a vegan café. 8232 Santiago Argüello, Centro, Tijuana, B.C. Mexico raicestijuana.wordpress.com

East Village Arts Collective – London, Ontario, Canada

A show space / community art gallery that hosts workshops and events. They host Food Not Bombs and Black Flag Anarchist Free

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Other victories arise. One of our collective member's mother was misdiagnosed while fighting cancer and nearly lost her life. We are happy to have her first article ever in a radical journal themed around an issue she has worked on for years. Why don't you consider putting together your thoughts and sending it to us sometime? Articles, interviews, art, photos... a lot of shit. (We don't tend to print poetry, though.)

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send something written, please be open to editing.

Editorial decisions are made by the *Slingshot* Collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Aimi, A. Iwasa, Babs, Eggplant, Finn, Hayley, Heather, Isabel, Korvin, Jesse, Joey, Longshanks, Maggie, Michael, Owlx, Snow, Soren, Suzie Quattro, Vanessa, Xander and all the authors and artists.

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on August 23, 2015 at 4 pm at the Long Haul in

Englewood, CA
A community center featuring film screenings, self defense classes, shows, and women's bicycle events operated by an all-women-of-color feminist bicycle collective. Their website says "we envision a world where women are change agents who create and maintain holistic health in themselves and their respective communities for present and future generations." Hell yeah. 1214 East 1st St. Los Angeles, CA 90033 ovarianpsycos.com



Tia Chucha's Centro Cultural & Bookstore – Sylmar, CA

Social justice bookstore with events, classes and social groups dedicated to Chicano culture and history, women's health, empowerment and writing, and bilingual open mics. They also promote local protests, actions, and anti-capitalist gatherings. 13197 Gladstone Ave, Unit A, Sylmar, CA 91342 818-939-3433

Nevada 89503 775-997-7519 nnhopes.org

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Yin-Yang Fandango & The Tango Tea Room – Corpus Christi, TX

A privately owned vegan/veggie cafe that has space for art and activist materials and is a local counter-culture hangout. 505 S Water St #545 Corpus Christi, TX 78401, 361-883-9123

Heart of Art Gallery – Los Angeles, CA

A DIY gallery and venue for women, youth, trans and members of the LGBTQIA community. They also run an animal rescue project. 1907 Rodeo Rd. Los Angeles, CA 90018 heartofartgalleryla.com

Dill Pickle Food Co-Op – Chicago, IL

A cooperative grocery store selling healthy and sustainable food. 3039 W Fullerton Ave., Chicago, IL 60647, 773-252-2667 dillpickle.coop

LA Fort – Los Angeles, CA

An art co-op/community center (Do It Together space) that provides low cost artist workspace, music practice space and hosts craft nights

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Corrections to the 2015 Slingshot Organizer

- We published the wrong address for Resistencia Books in Austin, TX. The correct address is 4926 E. Cesar Chavez St. Unit C1, Austin, TX 78702 512-389-9881.
- The Furnace in Albany, NY no longer exists.
- Laughing Horse books in Portland, OR closed after almost 30 years in existence.
- The Burrow in Winona, MN has closed.
- The address for Ojata Records in Grand Forks, ND is wrong. The correct address is 1300 University, Grand Forks, ND 58203 701-757-4002.
- Acme Artworks in Chicago, IL is not at 2251 W. North Ave. It might be at 1741 N. Western Ave or it might not exist anymore. If you live in or visit Chicago, please let us know.
- The Real School / Dragon Valley in Houston doesn't seem to be at 2805 Wichita anymore. Let us know if you have their new address.
- Word on the street is that Station 40 in San Francisco might close soon.
- We got mail returned from Krank it Up in Tallahassee, FL and the phone number we published for them doesn't work, but the internet seems to indicate they exist, so please let us know what is up if you're in Florida.
- In *Slingshot* #117 we printed a correction to the Organizer indicating that the LA Infoshop was a private business not an infoshop. Since then *Slingshot* collective member Alex has visited and he writes "I think it's unfair to simply

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Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 119 on September 12, 2015 at 3 pm.

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Backspace – Fayetteville, AR

A DIY show, art and event space. 541 W Meadow St. Unit H, Trailside Village Fayetteville, AR 72701

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Circulation Information

Subscriptions to *Slingshot* are free to prisoners, low income and anyone in the USA with a *Slingshot* Organizer, or \$1 per issue or back issue. International \$3 per issue. Outside the Bay Area we'll mail you a free stack of copies if you give them out for free. Let us know how many copies you want and for how long. In the Bay Area, pick up copies at Long Haul or Bound Together Books in SF.

SURPLUS ORGANIZERS

We have surplus copies of the 2015 Organizer available free in bulk for free distribution to people who wouldn't or couldn't otherwise purchase one such as prisoners, youth and the oppressed. Tell us your address and how many copies you want: slingshot@tao.ca / Box 3051 Berkeley, 94703.

NOT OUR CITY ANYMORE

By Longshanks

1967: If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.

2015: If you're coming to San Francisco, be sure to bring some dollars for your fare.

Six unforgettable and unforgivable years ago I moved to San Francisco, hoping to flourish in a libertine paradise of limitless self-expression, and ran straight into a wall of disappointment. My naive hopes of hedonistic revelry in a sort of mirror universe where queers ruled and everyone got along were violently shattered. What I found were the glimmering fragments of a fallen utopia usurped by greedy opportunists and conservative reformers, embroiled in a full-scale class and culture war, as various groups of people sharply divided fought for limited resources in a compact space and the cost of rent was outrageous... and rising. I lost my job, house, and direction in life completely, then experienced a radical rebirth, became a squatter and fell in love with life outside the capitalism box, and arrived at a "free living" philosophy that I believe will influence the rest of my life.

Standing presently at a crossroads in my life, I'd like to record my impressions of the City's disturbing transformation, touch on ways I've felt degraded and subhuman due to being homeless, and highlight the consciousness-raising adventures I've had here with shout outs to some people and places with whom I feel connected as well as the profound liberation that grew out of my experience of having no fixed home. I'm permanently changed and a little shellshocked by all that's

be homeless" and that "most homeless people in SF were residents before they became homeless." Both are true in my case. I spent the first month in a parking lot. If I didn't leave by 7am, a parking lot worker would wake me up and hustle me out. Still, I was luckier than the people camped out on the sidewalk in front of the lot. City workers came by every morning at 5am and gave them five minutes to clear themselves and all their stuff off the sidewalk or get sprayed with cold water.

Policies like this have earned SF a

ordinances to the contrary are inhumane and devoid of compassion, and I do not recognize them. Your inconvenience at having to look at homeless people while you walk your dog in the morning takes a back seat to other people's basic need for sleep and shelter.

One man let his dog mock-attack me in my tent early in the morning, startling me awake.

Another time I woke early to a woman's voice calling, "WAKE UP, it's time to move on, the police have been called!" When I zipped open my tent to ask her why she felt the need to call the police about someone sleeping, she

making quite a scene.

After the night it rained and I woke up literally lying in a puddle of cold water, I decided to ditch the park and follow up on Alix's lead.

And that's when everything changed.

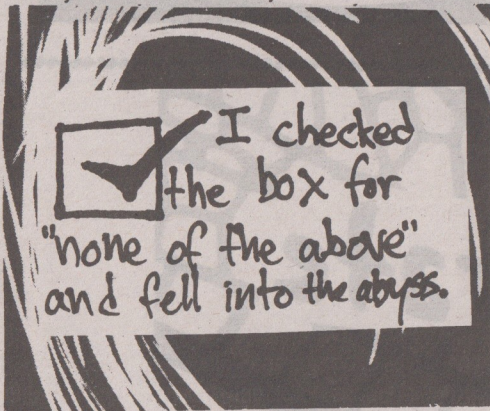
Many people shit on Occupy later, and veteran activists were occasionally scornful of the "johnny come-latelies" and weekend warriors who emerged from the woodwork with excellent intentions but few clues. But Occupy for me was the gateway to a liberation I had not previously known to be possible, the death of my former self as a round peg in the square wheel of capitalism and the portal to a new life that I have come to view as infinitely more satisfying. How I miss — well, sort of — the golden calamities of the Occupy SF tent camp (occurring nearly nightly), with its police confrontations, clamoring discordians stirring shit up in drunk and hungry rage, and Department of Public Health inspection media storms! It was so nice of DPH to suddenly care about us.

More importantly, through Occupy I hooked up with Homes Not Jails, which became my surrogate squatter family for the next two years (2011 to 2013.) We fought a lot and had personality conflicts, and public drama-filled meetings that ran way too long, and I drifted away from the group eventually into a private escape universe of trauma recovery. When I finally emerged from that solipsism bubble, it seemed everyone had dispersed, so I never got a chance to say it really, but I loved those HNJ kids. When we descended at night on the



queers ruled and everyone got along were violently shattered. What I found were the glimmering fragments of a fallen utopia usurped by greedy opportunists and conservative reformers, embroiled in a full-scale class and culture war, as various groups of people sharply divided fought for limited resources in a compact space and the cost of rent was outrageous... and rising. I lost my job, house, and direction in life completely, then experienced a radical rebirth, became a squatter and fell in love with life outside the capitalism box, and arrived at a "free living" philosophy that I believe will influence the rest of my life.

Standing presently at a crossroads in my life, I'd like to record my impressions of the City's disturbing transformation, touch on ways I've felt degraded and subhuman due to being homeless, and highlight the consciousness-raising adventures I've had here with shout outs to some people and places with whom I feel connected as well as the profound liberation that grew out of my experience of having no fixed home. I'm permanently changed and a little shellshocked by all that's happened, excited but uncertain about the future, for me and for SF, which is, as Candace Roberts sings in her great new music video that you should definitely find on YouTube



(<http://youtu.be/-yoRVJzQAe0>), "Not my City any more."

During my first two years in the Bay Area I was violently mugged and assaulted in Fruitvale, got a good job with a global hospitality company but then lost it due to PTSD resulting from the Fruitvale incident, shared a house in the Richmond (my first in SF) with a creepy and perverted older man who terrorized me when I couldn't make rent,

or get sprayed with cold water.

Policies like this have earned SF a



reputation as, to quote a Food Not Bombs organizer, "one of the nastiest cities toward homeless people."

Eventually I left the parking lot, wandered the hills and valleys awhile in grim solitude, and started using speed as a way to stay up all night. I got enough to eat thanks to food stamps and the soup kitchens, and only occasionally resorted to stealing to make ends meet, and only from large corporations. (Such as Goodwill, which has grown profitable by taking things freely donated and marketing them at steadily rising rates; I think we should bypass Goodwill completely and set up a free market to give the stuff directly to poor people.)

Occasionally, I showered at the multi-service center in SoMa, but hated the prison-like feel of the place and its depressed and depressing security guards, and my hygiene took an unavoidable plunge. I rented a storage space for my clothes and other valuables, only to lose it and everything I owned later on.

Whether it was courage that drove me, or apathy that made me not care, I defied the police and sensational news stories I'd read about missing people and burned corpses and

the police have been called!" When I zipped open my tent to ask her why she felt the need to call the police about someone sleeping, she

held up the bag of dog shit in her hand and replied, "I'm cleaning up."

And one afternoon as I was taking a nap on the Civic Center lawn, a surly police officer kicked my foot to wake me up, told me I was too close to the playground, and when I reacted angrily, he gave me a ticket with a court date.

What is wrong with these people? Frankly, I don't see how parks that are designated public can be closed anyway, it seems like a lawsuit needs to happen at some level to challenge that. Recent attempts to get a "homeless bill of rights" passed are on the right track, but have failed so far in SF and Sacramento. I guess the state's homeless people lobby doesn't have deep enough pockets.

Early on I made a friend named Alix who influenced my course, a visionary with a DIY art space called the Big Gay Warehouse, located in gentrification-resistant Bayview. Once I discussed with Alix my surprise at how

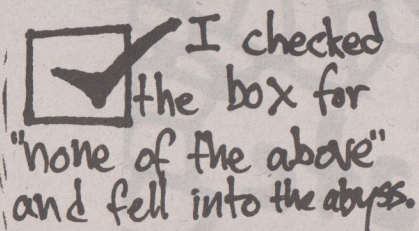


exciting moments but also the realization that for me was the gateway to a liberation I had not previously known to be possible, the death of my former self as a round peg in the square wheel of capitalism and the portal to a new life that I have come to view as infinitely more satisfying. How I miss — well, sort of — the golden calamities of the Occupy SF tent camp (occurring nearly nightly), with its police confrontations, clamoring discordians stirring shit up in drunk and hungry rage, and Department of Public Health inspection media storms! It was so nice of DPH to suddenly care about us.

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At first, I used the newfound total freedom of homelessness for self-indulgent reasons. I gravitated away from the HNJ model of organized public actions toward a solitary program of sleeping occasionally in public parks, stairwells, and other weird vacant empty spaces I find during my catlike prowls abouts through the City. But gradually I developed a sense of social responsibility and a wish to re-engage the real world. The resistance movement is under attack, but my recent experiences of volunteering at the Tenants Union and with the Anti-Eviction Mapping Project (antievictionmappingproject.net) have convinced me the movement is not dead, but merely changing, as it must in the face of new challenges.

The old SF is shrinking but can still be found in some great places, such as Diamond Dave's radio show at Mutiny Radio (pcrcollective.org) and VolxKuche, a veggie/vegan "people's kitchen" that convenes on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at the Episcopal Church

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SF's longrunning and recently revamped, *Street Sheet* asserts that "no one chooses to

homeless people."

Eventually I left the parking lot, wandered the hills and valleys awhile in grim solitude, and started using speed as a way to stay up all night. I got enough to eat thanks to food stamps and the soup kitchens, and only occasionally resorted to stealing to make ends meet, and only from large corporations. (Such as Goodwill, which has grown profitable by taking things freely donated and marketing them at steadily rising rates; I think we should bypass Goodwill completely and set up a free market to give the stuff directly to poor people.)

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Whether it was courage that drove me, or apathy that made me not care, I defied the police and sensational news stories I'd read about missing people and burned corpses and set out to explore all the parks, devoting the most time to Golden Gate Park of course, bewildered by the sheer size and complexity of that labyrinth, which completed my sense of having entered another world... one that the tourists will never know.

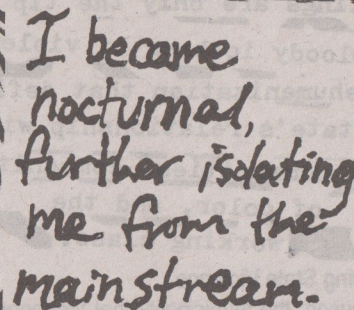
The parks were closed at night, and police were known to raid Golden Gate Park with dogs in the pre-dawn hours (another barbaric policy), but in daytime I could sleep there with less fear of harassment; I became nocturnal, further isolating me from the mainstream. All over I found little forts and hiding places, remnants of camps left by others, and way too much litter. I grew up in national parks and got in the habit of picking up after myself outdoors, no excuses. Perhaps if we all did so, there would be less opposition to drifters crashing in public spaces.

That being said, SCREW the no camping rule, in SF or anywhere else. If a person has no other option, they can spend the night in any park or public space where they feel safe, with or without a tent, end of story. Laws or

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quickly I'd adapted to this animalesque life of sleeping outside and foraging by night, and how I related more to raccoons than humans at times.

"This should feel strange, since it's so different from how I was living just two months ago, but for some reason it doesn't."

She replied that a lot of people were feeling the same call back to nature, that the future for people like us might be to leave the city to the drones and the corporations and return to the land, like the Radical Faeries at their sanctuary in Wolf Creek, Oregon.

In the short term, she recommended I hook up with Occupy Wall Street, who had just set up camp in a plaza by the waterfront and were

felt like I was 18 years old again, with a whole life of infinite possibility before me.

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Join the movement and protest the proposed installation of a 350-unit luxury condo building at 16th and Mission, and help Station 40 (3030B 16th St) fight its unlawful detainer (a press conference was about to take place just as this article went to press), so Food Not Bombs can continue to prepare and serve food there. Don't let Mission Street become Valencia Street Part II: the Extremely Gentrified Sequel.

As for myself, SF has changed me in some ways that will surely be lasting. Life is exciting when you don't know where you're going to sleep tonight. If severe instability is the price to pay for something approaching true autonomy, for now, I will pay it. I would so much rather live life on my own terms, investing my time and energy in *meaningful* work and in communities I care about, than spend every morning waiting for a bus that's too crowded to take me somewhere I don't want to go.

+11+

longshanks@spaz.org

I'M NOT WHITE

One Person of Colors' Experience

In Radical Spaces

by A. MUTT



If you think it's *not* hard being a woman of color in this world, try walking down the street as one. Not only do I get harassed about my body, but also about my race. "Are you Mexican?" "You look Japanese." "Hey, white girl!" I get the last comment a lot and it makes me want to stop and correct the person, but I think that comment is more about my privilege than race. My mom is Salvadoran and Pacific Islander and my dad is Mexican, German and French. I'm thankful for my diverse background, but I know next to nothing about my heritage since I come from a broken family and never took an interest in it growing up. The older I get, the more I'd like to dig up my roots, especially now, where people of color are getting more visibility and a chance to speak up and change this crazy, messed up world.

While at times it makes me sad that I'm not close with my family, I am grateful that my upbringing has turned me away from traditional roles in society and instead gravitated me towards the anarchist and punk communities in the Bay Area. In these circles I find diversity and like-minded people of all races, backgrounds, sizes, ages, and gender, yet I

white." "No I'm not," I said defensively. "Well technically you are." This conversation not only upset me, but it made me question my *entire* identity and I wondered to myself, "Am I white?"

Not only did they discredit my background and identity, but they didn't stop and listen when I told them that I wasn't white.

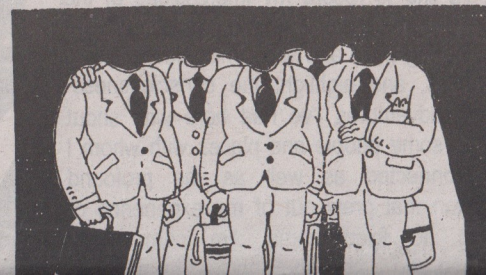
Of course the answer is no, I am mixed and proud. Comments like the one made by my friend are harmful in many ways. Not only did they discredit my background and identity, but they didn't stop and listen when I told them that I wasn't white, nor did they ask questions about what I had just told them.

retreat to the infoshop when I need to recharge my batteries or when the world is getting me down. The people who are "regulars" are not just anarchists, but weirdos, wingnuts, queers, and one of a kind people who I don't meet anywhere else. Sometimes I go there to read and listen in on the exciting conversations that occur on any given night. Topics that are discussed range from what happened at last night's protest to fun questions that are asked at the beginning of the anarchist study groups

(one night they asked what everyone's favorite cake was and most people answered "Pie." How contrary).

Not everybody who hangs out at The Long Haul works on the paper, though. In fact, the Slingshot collective numbers seem to have dwindled due to member burnout or new volunteers feeling intimidated. In the past year, I've taken a step back from volunteering due to some attacks on my writing. A lot of the articles that are turned into *Slingshot* are at the academic level and that makes me feel intimidated to turn anything in since I'm mostly a self-taught writer. There is also a gender imbalance in the collective and I wonder where the people of color are at? Me and another

seem to dominate the space. Not only that, but I often feel like I am asked to attend meetings and volunteer because I'm seen as one of the token POCs in the collective, but things are changing. At a recent meeting, there were more female-assigned people working on the paper and that made me feel a lot more comfortable and made me want to volunteer more of my time. The paper is not perfect and maybe it never will be, but it's a continued source of inspiration for many people around the world, which is evident in the letters and emails we receive everyday. *Slingshot* has helped shape my political beliefs and I've learned a lot from the collective process and the flaws within it. I'd love to see more POCs write articles and contribute to *Slingshot* because I know we have a lot to say.



as one. I don't do I get harassed about my body, but also about my race. "Are you Mexican?" "You look Japanese." "Hey, white girl!" I get the last comment a lot and it makes me want to stop and correct the person, but I think that comment is more about my privilege than race. My mom is Salvadoran and Pacific Islander and my dad is Mexican, German and French. I'm thankful for my diverse background, but I know next to nothing about my heritage since I come from a broken family and never took an interest in it growing up. The older I get, the more I'd like to dig up my roots, especially now, where people of color are getting more visibility and a chance to speak up and change this crazy, messed up world.

While at times it makes me sad that I'm not close with my family, I am grateful that my upbringing has turned me away from traditional roles in society and instead gravitated me towards the anarchist and punk communities in the Bay Area. In these circles I find diversity and like-minded people of all races, backgrounds, sizes, ages, and gender, yet I can't help but notice that a lot of people in my social scenes are white people of privilege. One day my friend and I were talking and I made a comment about how many white people I live with and how it made me uncomfortable. She flat out told me "But you're

upset me, but it made me question my entire identity and I wondered to myself, "Am I white?"

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I've also felt discomfort in the very collective that I volunteer for, which is *Slingshot*. The Long Haul Infoshop, where we make the paper, is a very special place to me. I have felt welcomed since day one and continue to

down. The people who are regulars are not just anarchists, but weirdos, wingnuts, queers, and one of a kind people who I don't meet anywhere else. Sometimes I go there to read and listen in on the exciting conversations that occur on any given night. Topics that are discussed range from what happened at last night's protest to fun questions that are asked at the beginning of the anarchist study groups

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Notes On the Day-to-Day Activities of the Police State

BY ARJUN PANDAVA

"The police occupy our community as a foreign troop occupies territory." —Huey P. Newton, 1968, Interview from jail.

Recent civil unrest in the United States has dragged into mainstream spotlight the violent relationship between state security forces and America's Black population—specifically, the fact that Black people are routinely killed

criminalized communities, as well as how this deployment is underpinned with the logic of capital accumulation.

Killings are only the tip of the bloody iceberg of violence and dehumanization that defines

County, and one that occasionally went too far even in the eyes of local state leadership. Take Darren Wilson's employment history, for example: previous to his position with the Ferguson Police Department, he was an officer with the Jennings Police Department—a department so endemically corrupt, and so over-the-top in its racist brutalization of local

monthly income. Failure to pay these fees can result in jail time, which itself comes with fees that are stacked on top of the original court fees, creating a brutal positive feedback cycle that can lock people into poverty.

It was found that of all the municipalities in St. Louis County, three were especially prone to systemic, predatory behavior—one of these

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Recent civil unrest in the United States has dragged into mainstream spotlight the violent relationship between state security forces and America's Black population—specifically, the fact that Black people are routinely killed during security operations. But killings are only the tip of the bloody iceberg of violence and dehumanization that defines the state's relationship with Black communities, communities of color in general, and the working class—a fact that mainstream narratives about police violence often seems to miss. For your standard American liberal, the response to police killings is to quickly put forward policy proposals around grand jury reform, or talk about citizen oversight committees, or other reforms that are underpinned by an ideology that sees the system as one that just needs a few tweaks to "get right".

As radicals, our inclination must be to oppose this kind of superficial analysis and, as Angela Davis famously put it, to "grasp things by the root" and understand the fundamental dynamics of what we observe in the world. This requires recognizing and investigating into the ways that the state deploys surveillance and day-to-day acts of coercion against

criminalized communities, as well as how this deployment is underpinned with the logic of capital accumulation.

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Surveying State Violence

Ferguson, the municipality that first sparked the waves of anti-police rage that swept the nation, is a town which has undergone a demographic transformation in the past decade or so; as the housing and labor markets ebbed and flowed, working-class Blacks moved (and were displaced) into the cheaper apartment complexes in the city. Lock-step with the demographic changes, state security forces saw fit to erect "concrete barriers, fences, and gates" around targeted areas; Michael Brown's apartment complex was so heavily barricaded that most of the time there was only one way in and out for residents.¹ This practice of targeting working-class Black communities was one that was reproduced in municipalities across St. Louis

County, and one that occasionally went too far even in the eyes of local state leadership. Take Darren Wilson's employment history, for example: previous to his position with the Ferguson Police Department, he was an officer with the Jennings Police Department—a department so endemically corrupt, and so over-the-top in its racist brutalization of local population, that in 2011 the city council voted to fire the entire department and create a new one from scratch.²

It is important to place the violence of the state security forces into the context of economic exploitation. Within days of the Michael Brown killing and amidst the unrest that rocked Ferguson, a local law non-profit released a damning report about the racist and predatory nature of municipal courts in St. Louis County. The presented evidence pointed toward the fact that the budgets of local governments were heavily dependent on extracting money from working-class Black communities through punitive fines, facilitated by a Kafka-esque maze of regulations, bureaucratic barriers, and surveillance.^{3,4} Residents who are fined for minor infractions such as broken tail-lights, speeding, failing to signal a turn, etc., are regularly asked to appear in court, which comes with additional fees—it is routine for courts to order defendants to pay fees that are triple their

monthly income. Failure to pay these fees can result in jail time, which itself comes with fees that are stacked on top of the original court fees, creating a brutal positive feedback cycle that can lock people into poverty.

It was found that of all the municipalities in St. Louis County, three were especially prone to systemic, predatory behavior—one of these three was the Ferguson Municipal Court. The Ferguson courts and the local police routinely and disproportionately stop and search Black residents: while Blacks are 67% of the population, they are 86% of all traffic stops, and are twice as likely to be searched and twice as likely to be arrested as are Whites. Persistent harassment is a highly lucrative strategy for the city; in 2013 Ferguson Municipal Courts raked in \$2.6 M from fines and court fees, in addition to issuing over 24,500 warrants (on average, about 3 warrants per household). In what appears to be a revenue-maximizing strategy, the court (which

is only open three times a month) routinely starts sessions half an hour before the official start time, and locks the doors five minutes after this time, making it incredibly easy for defendants to miss their appointment and have warrants issued for failure to appear.

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Continued from Page 4

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In addition, the content of court proceedings reinforces the idea that these are revenue generating entities: defendants who are too poor to pay fines are regularly threatened with three to four days of jail time by the judge, and coerced to call anybody and everybody they know who could give the courts money—a practice that is disturbingly similar to how a criminal enterprise might negotiate a hostage deal. Dimensions of Kafka-style bureaucracy are also apparent, with one individual recounting a story of how the courts refused to let her in with her child, and was subsequently charged with child endangerment when she left her child outside; and several stories where people show up in court to pay fines for driving with suspended licenses, only to get pulled over right outside the parking lot because a cop inside the court room overheard this information.

In-depth studies of predatory and extractive policing tend to be hard to come by; but information about routine violence during day-to-day security operations around the country is far too easy to acquire. In Philadelphia, the police who operate in one particularly poor Black community are described by a University of Pennsylvania researcher as being "at full-fledged war with residents—they beat up people under arrest, steal from suspects, smash up homes while serving warrants and use the results of surveillance to turn lovers or family members against one another".⁵ In Washington D.C., police routinely use a tactic labeled by locals as "jump-outs", where multiple officers arbitrarily ambush groups of people by jumping out of unmarked cars, rushing them with weapons drawn, and then searching and interrogating detainees.

In addition, California police departments and city elites seem to be getting increasingly fond of using gang injunctions—a tactic where cities can label "gangs" as a public nuisance, and order accused gang members to stay away from certain areas and no longer associate, gather, or travel with one another. Gang injunctions are supposedly to protect the communities and neighborhoods onto which injunctions are placed; unsurprisingly, they typically criminalize communities of color (especially youth) and make it easier for the state to place residents under surveillance.

Much of this is because once an initial injunction is signed off by a judge, there is very little oversight (sometimes none) over who gets added onto the list by police.

Furthermore, it seems that California police departments have siphoned off some of Silicon Valley's entrepreneurial spirit and have been deploying novel methods of surveillance and coercion. One of the most disturbing trends in this entrepreneurship has been the use of "gang injunctions", where cities place curfews and restraining orders on accused gang members preventing them from being in certain areas and outside at all during certain times, as well as restrictions on who they talk to and associate with. Between 2006 and 2009, four injunctions were placed in four San Francisco neighborhoods with a high level of alleged gang activity—which also happened to

years after they were founded in 1966 was because they created immediate and tangible benefits for people, that created obvious incentives for joining or at least being supportive. Initially, the Party was founded as the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, as simply a self-defense group for Black people against police. The benefits were clear: by carrying out armed patrols of the police, harassment and violence was reduced. Today, such benefits might even be compounded by self-defense squads not only being able to reduce physical violence, but economic violence as well and acting directly against the predatory policing that can throw one out of a job, out of a rented home, and into a cycle of (deeper) debt and poverty.

This kind of direct, immediate rebellion against the state was what was needed in the late '60s—much to the dismay of political and economic elites and local so-called "community leaders", who continuously tried to reign in and pacify participants of the increasingly violent riots that rocked cities across the US during this time period. In this sense, the Panthers did not so much lead the insurgency that was to grip the US in the years to follow, but rather simply read and understood the signs that were becoming increasingly obvious about the need for armed resistance and outright rebellion against the status quo. This situation echoes what we are beginning to see today, where "community

the institution of security is to the institution of property. As long as class society exists, so too will the propertied classes use violence to defend and expand their holdings, and keep society divided in terms of race, ethnicity, and nationality. Only in attacking capitalism, redistributing wealth, and allowing people and communities to have autonomy over economic and political decision-making, can we end the racist, extractive violence of the police.

¹ "Why did the Michael Brown shooting happen here?" STL Today. August 17, 2014.

² "Darren Wilson's first job was on a troubled police force disbanded by authorities". The Washington Post. August 23, 2014.

³ "Municipal Courts White Paper". ArchCity Defenders. November 2014.

⁴ "How municipalities in St. Louis County, MO, profit from poverty". The Washington Post. September 3, 2014.

⁵ "The Society of Fugitives". The Atlantic. October 2014.

⁶ "If You Thought Stop-and-Frisk Was Bad, You Should Know About Jump-Outs". ThinkProgress. December 10, 2014.

⁷ "Chaotic and dangerous' Cleveland police shamed in withering government report." The Guardian. December 4, 2014.

⁸ "Stop and seize". The Washington Post. September 6, 2014.

⁹ "OPD Still Appears to Be Targeting Blacks". East Bay Express. February 4, 2015.



over night inside the parking lot because a cop inside the court room overheard this information.

In-depth studies of predatory and extractive policing tend to be hard to come by; but information about routine violence during day-to-day security operations around the country is far too easy to acquire. In Philadelphia, the police who operate in one particularly poor Black community are described by a University of Pennsylvania researcher as being "at full-fledged war with residents—they beat up people under arrest, steal from suspects, smash up homes while serving warrants and use the results of surveillance to turn lovers or family members against one another".⁵ In Washington D.C., police routinely use a tactic labeled by locals as "jump-outs", where multiple officers arbitrarily ambush groups of people by jumping out of unmarked cars, rushing them with weapons drawn, and then searching and interrogating detainees hoping to find contraband or glean information. Targets are usually young Black men, and many report being ambushed several times a week while out with friends and family.⁶ And in Cleveland—where twelve-year old Tamir Rice was gunned down while holding a toy gun—violence as routine policy was at such an absurd level that it attracted a review by the Justice Department, which blasted the department as "chaotic and dangerous"; the report reviewed incidents such as one where a woman was beaten on her front porch after she had made a joke at a nearby officer, and another where a young man was beaten while handcuffed in the back of a police car, and also noted that Cleveland cops had hung up a sign at one police station that labeled it as a "forward operating base"—making Huey P. Newton's half-a-century-old comments about the police as an occupying force still ring dangerously true.⁷ And as in Ferguson, all of this day-to-day violence of the state is tinged with the logic of capital accumulation; just through the widespread practice of civil asset forfeiture, where the police can confiscate money and property at their own discretion, state security forces across the nation have pulled in revenues in excess of \$2.5B—much of it seized from individuals who were never convicted of a crime.⁸

In Oakland, state security forces mimic Ferguson by adhering to a policy of prowling

"gang injunctions", where cities place curfews and restraining orders on accused gang members preventing them from being in certain areas and outside at all during certain times, as well as restrictions on who they talk to and associate with. Between 2006 and 2009, four injunctions were placed in four San Francisco neighborhoods with a high level of alleged gang activity—which also happened to



be areas targeted for development, raising accusations from locals, and even a District Supervisor, that injunctions were being used as a tool for gentrification and a way to profile, harass, and monitor the target communities' predominantly Black and Latin@ residents.¹¹ There are certainly serious questions raised by the fact that many of the accused "gang members" are not actually gang members at all, but people that have dropped out of the gang life, or are only associated with gangs by proxy of being friends and family of the accused (a quality of injunctions that is particularly widespread in Los Angeles).^{12,13} In Oakland, the gentrification angle seems clearer; two injunctions placed in North Oakland and Fruitvale were marketed by the Oakland police as being a good way to target hotspots of violence—despite the fact that neither area has the highest rates of gang activity, although they are adjacent to areas slated by the city for redevelopment.¹⁴

On Fighting Back

increasingly violent riots that rocked cities across the US during this time period. In this sense, the Panthers did not so much lead the insurgency that was to grip the US in the years to follow, but rather simply read and understood the signs that were becoming increasingly obvious about the need for armed resistance and outright rebellion against the status quo. This situation echoes what we are beginning to see today, where "community

leaders" and establishment elites chastise and repress militants in Ferguson and Oakland, while refusing to do anything about the conditions and policies that sparked the rage in the first place.

However, it is critical to understand that the Panthers did not gain popularity just because of their open militancy against the state; just as important—perhaps more so—were the social programs and community-based enterprises that they established, that addressed the day-to-day needs of impoverished Black communities, like food and medical care, that neither government institutions nor private businesses were willing to provide. The Panthers opened up breakfast programs, health clinics, and other critical services that—just like self-defense squads—had immediate, tangible benefits to either joining the Panthers or being supportive. And when the self-defense squads evolved from not just confronting and fighting the police, but also attacking institutions

2014.

⁵ "The Society of Fugitives". The Atlantic. October 2014.

⁶ "If You Thought Stop-and-Frisk Was Bad, You Should Know About Jump-Outs". ThinkProgress. December 10, 2014.

⁷ "Chaotic and dangerous" Cleveland police shamed in withering government report." The Guardian. December 4, 2014.

⁸ "Stop and seize". The Washington Post. September 6, 2014.

⁹ "OPD Still Appears to Be Targeting Blacks". East Bay Express. February 4, 2015.

¹⁰ "OPD's War on the Poor Needs to End". East Bay Express. February 11, 2015.

¹¹ "The Problem With Gang Injunctions". The American Prospect. 2011.

¹² "Are San Francisco's gang injunctions working?" SFGate. January 20, 2011.

¹³ "Is a Popular Legal Weapon Ending a South County Gang Rivalry, or Catching Bystanders in Its Net?" OC Weekly. January 29, 2009.

¹⁴ Arnold, Eric K. "Oakland Gang Injunctions: Gentrification or Public Safety?" Race, Poverty, and Environment. Vol. 18, Autumn Awakening. 2011.

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In Oakland, state security forces mimic Ferguson by adhering to a policy of prowling working-class Black and Latino neighborhoods for people to detain and search. Data collected between April 2013 and October 2014 shows that out of 44,1142 stops, Black people made up 59% of stops (while composing 28% of the population); while White people made up 13% of the stops (while composing 26% of the population). The data also showed that after being stopped, Black people were three times more likely to be searched than White people.⁹ On further analysis, the data shows that a majority of these stops were for minor traffic violations (67%), a significant number of which were for trivial vehicle code violations—essentially punishing the poor for being unable to afford repairs to keep old cars up to code, and replicating the cycle of fines, court fees, and jail time that is endemic in places like Ferguson.¹⁰

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On Fighting Back

If there is one thing clear from this survey of the underlying forces of state security operations in the United States, it is that the material conditions that created the Black Panther Party in the late 1960s continues to exist today. Communities of color, particularly Black people, face continuous dehumanization and outright violence at the hands of the police; and today, arguably unlike the 1960s, this violence stems not just from the state’s need to control a potentially rebellious population, but also from decades of neoliberal restructuring of state institutions and the development of profitable methods of extracting capital from populations rendered superfluous in the eyes of global capitalism.

One of the main reasons why the Black Panthers—and more particularly, the strategies they deployed—had such a rapid rise in popularity and support in the few short

leaders” and establishment elites chastise and repress militants in Ferguson and Oakland, while refusing to do anything about the conditions and policies that sparked the rage in the first place.

However, it is critical to understand that the Panthers did not gain popularity just because of their open militancy against the state; just as important—perhaps more so—were the social programs and community-based enterprises that they established, that addressed the day-to-day needs of impoverished Black communities, like food and medical care, that neither government institutions nor private businesses were willing to provide. The Panthers opened up breakfast programs, health clinics, and other critical services that—just like self-defense squads—had immediate, tangible benefits to either joining the Panthers or being supportive. And when the self-defense squads evolved from not just confronting and fighting the police, but also attacking institutions of capitalism (robbing banks, sticking up heroin dealers, expropriating cash from exploitative businesses), both the military power of the Panthers as well as their ability to support community-owned services were bolstered.

This kind of materialist analysis is critical for understanding and arguing not just how to resist the police state, and not just how to resist state and capital in general, but how to turn resistance and rebellion into a revolutionary movement. Radical action can intervene in the direction and dynamic of how capital flows, resist and invert the extraction of wealth from the masses that is capitalism’s equilibrium state, and create the economic platform on which revolutionary struggle becomes a self-fulfilling process.

And let us make no mistake that revolutionary struggle is essential to solving the question of police violence, entangled as

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*Honor Phil Africa!
Free the Move 9!
Free all Class-War
Prisoners!*

By Gerald Smith

MOVE member Phil Africa died at the State Correctional Institution in Dallas, PA, on January 10, 2015. Phil Africa had been locked down since he was framed up, along with the rest of the MOVE 9, for the killing of Philadelphia police officer James Ramp, during the 1978 cop siege of MOVE's Powelton Village home.

Upon learning of Phil Africa's death Mumia Abu-Jamal wrote the following: "[Phil Africa] was born William Phillips, on Jan. 1, 1956, but few people called him by that name. Most people knew him as Phil, and after joining the revolutionary naturalist MOVE organization in the early 1970s, most called him Phil Africa. He was part of the confrontation of Aug. 8, 1978, in Philadelphia, where nearly a dozen MOVE members were charged in connection with that conflict, in which a cop likely died from friendly fire – but MOVE members were charged. Phil Africa was among 9 MOVE men and women charged and convicted in a hotly disputed trial, of third degree murder. So disputed, in fact, that several days after the

POLICE BRUTALITY & MENTAL ILLNESS

some thoughts on social work and de-escalation

By an anonymous social worker

For the past year and a half, I have been a working professional with a nine to five schedule. What is different about my job is who I work with and the type of work I do.

I am employed by a mental health non-profit to be part of an Assertive Community Treatment (ACT) team. Supported by federally distributed tax dollars, we see each of the people we help at least three times a week and base their appointments off their individualized needs. Some people need therapy, some need help with grocery shopping, some need to get a free HIV test, others need to be accompanied to 5 different doctors, and most need someone to take a walk in nature with them and encourage them to get away from their television set for a few moments.

At times, I will use the word client to refer to the people we help. I am not in love with this word, but I assure you that I am using it as a way to dictate my professional relationship with these people and not to imply that I feel I am above them or that I am handling them with figurative safety gloves.

Most were hospitalized involuntarily and/or voluntarily multiple times — usually diagnosed with Schizophrenia or Bipolar Disorder. Our world is not necessarily built in a way that makes sense even to many without a mental health diagnosis. For those with severe and

as hippie swill. It sounds too simple and too idealistic. I have grown up in a sick world and refuse to live in ignorance, yet I still believe it to be true with every ounce of my being.

I have been in situations in which I know many police officers would have drawn their guns. Once, I was at a tall and built young man's house, alone with him for an appointment. This is not unusual for me. It was only my second time meeting with him.

He said that he wanted to shoot me. A police officer might have pulled out their gun, or made defensive and aggressive statements to reassert their power, escalating his paranoia. I noticed that he was sitting back against his couch with relaxed body posture. I wanted to help him maintain this. I chose to ask him if it was me, the social worker, that he wanted to shoot, or if it was the voices he was currently hearing that seemed to be causing him anguish.

He clarified, no, it is definitely you that I want to shoot. I remained calm. I stated, if I wanted to shoot someone in my house, it would probably mean that it's because I don't want them in my house anymore. Would you like me to leave?

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I really want you to leave."

I honored his request and left. He did not

institutions jump straight to the secondary emotion of anger with violence to match it.

Society might tell you that I am weak, small, and hopelessly feminine. Yet, I believe that how I respond to a potential threat at my job shows that I, and all of my colleagues who do this work, are much stronger than those who shoot people who became sick, who made a

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SOCIAL WORKERS
AND LESS
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mistake, or who simply existed at the wrong place at the wrong time. I have had men tell me that I must not really want to work, given my chosen career. Trust me — this is work. But this is the work I was made for. It is strange to exist in a world that desperately needs what I do, while undervaluing it.

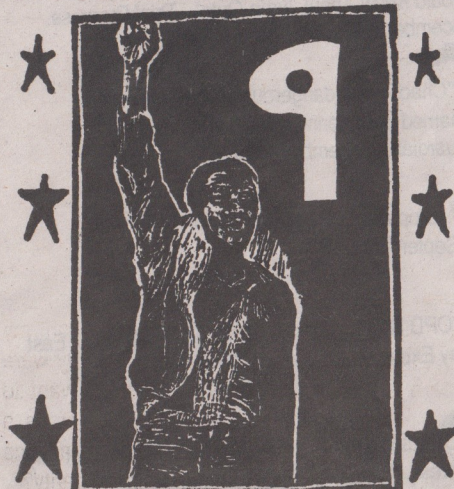
Police brutality continues and each day I am sickened by the newest story of a situation that could have ended peacefully in three minutes instead of turning into a tragedy.

Let's say I go into work tomorrow, and another client states that they want to shoot me, but this time they pull out a loaded gun. If I

Validation and empathy can and will take



the early 1970s, most called him Phil Africa. He was part of the confrontation of Aug. 8, 1978, in Philadelphia, where nearly a dozen MOVE members were charged in connection with that conflict, in which a cop likely died from friendly fire — but MOVE members were charged. Phil Africa was among 9 MOVE men and women charged and convicted in a hotly disputed trial, of third degree murder. So disputed, in fact, that several days after the



trial, Judge Edwin Malmed would admit, in a locally broadcast interview, that he 'Hadn't the faintest idea'...."the faintest idea" (his very words) ...who killed the cop.

"The 9 MOVE members were sentenced to 30 to 100 years: the longest in Pennsylvania history since third-degree became law in PA. Judge Malmed reportedly acknowledged the illegality of such a sentence, telling those sentenced that it may be reversed on appeal, but, for now, it would hold them. It appears Malmed believed the State Appellate courts were fairer than even they believed.

"But not to people named Africa it seems. For today, 37 years after the events of August, 1978, the fact that 7 remaining men and women are still in prison is nothing short of a scandal. The MOVE men and women should've been free, at least 7 years ago, when they reached their minimums. But this is Pennsylvania, where madness passes as normality.

"Phil lost a son back in the mid-70s, when police trampled his child, Life Africa. On May 13, 1985, when the police bombed a MOVE home, another son, Little Phil, was among the 11 people shot and burned to death.

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chronic mental illnesses, navigating it all without a support system is nearly impossible and sends them back into unpleasant institutional settings in which they lose their autonomy.

Sometimes, their family and friends have passed on or have become burnt out and we are their entire support system. We do our best to facilitate and link our people to natural (non-professional) support systems, so that they do not become disempowered. Our job is to keep our "clients" out of the hospital and out of jail cells. Our goal is to teach and facilitate healing. We want to help them live as independently as possible.

Many of the people we work with have been some of the most wonderful people I have come into contact with. Regardless, they still go through cycles and phases in which they might present as inappropriate, threatening, suspicious, or sociopathic to the untrained eye. Unfortunately, the untrained eyes in our society often belong to people who wield power, such as police officers. They do not understand how little is needed to interact with someone who is making violent or threatening statements. They have often not been socialized to understand

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follow me or chase me, so I did not have a need to involve anyone else in the situation. If I had called the police, he would have been endangered further in ways that one might not anticipate. Even if a police visit stayed peaceful, his lease terms stated that if the police came, his landlord would break the lease. The punishment for having a short period of decompensation at the hands of a biological brain disorder could have been homelessness, police brutality or death. By simply not making assumptions and asking what he wanted, we avoided a situation that could have turned violent.

I am a white woman in my mid/late 20s and weigh about half of what this person did. I am what many people call "tiny." To me, the irony of police brutality is that the men who shoot innocent people are certainly much stronger than me and sometimes those they are violent towards. They are more capable than me of physically defending themselves. They are told to be fearless and expected to behave fearlessly. However, they are trained to treat everyone as a potential threat, drilling fear into their minds. Fear is a primary emotion, and

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Police brutality continues and each day I am sickened by the newest story of a situation that could have ended peacefully in three minutes instead of turning into a tragedy.

Let's say I go into work tomorrow, and another client states that they want to shoot me, but this time they pull out a loaded gun. If I decide to respond by also drawing a gun, I would lose my job and have my license taken away at the very least. If I shot them, I would likely receive consequences far beyond that. Why are police officers not held to these standards? If I am expected to do my job, which is to listen, empathize, clarify, and validate, why are police officers not expected to do this also? Like me, they interact with people from all walks of life on a regular basis and they need to be trained to do what we do.

We need more social workers and less police officers: I do not find it a coincidence that social work, like teaching or being a primary caregiver, is primarily female dominated, and thus undervalued, understaffed and overworked, while the police force is male dominated and nurtured by the system. My coworkers and I regularly put our lives on the line to empower people, regardless of race, gender, class, etc., who are struggling on deeper levels than I could ever imagine. Police have repeatedly shown that they would rather oppress and physically harm people of color and those with low incomes simply for daring to exist or wanting to move freely.

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"Phil was an extremely talented artist and painter. He was a man with a gift of lightness, a witty sense of humor, and an ever-present smile."

The ongoing situation in Ferguson, MO, has brought to the attention of millions of Americans and people around the world the vicious nature of racist US capitalism. Despite the fierce resistance on the streets against the murder of people of color, with the passing of Phil Africa, we are reminded that there are still scores of political prisoners being held in the belly of the beast for the crime of participating in resistance movements of past decades.

May 13, 2015 is the 30th anniversary of the bombing of MOVE by the police of their Ossage residence. 11 people died as a result of this massacre, including 6 children.

Responding to calls from various organizations, collectives, and prisoner support groups across the US to commemorate this horrific event, we here in Oakland are starting to talk about activating our networks and organizations to built support for class war

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Many of the people we work with have been some of the most wonderful people I have come into contact with. Regardless, they still go through cycles and phases in which they might present as inappropriate, threatening, suspicious, or sociopathic to the untrained eye. Unfortunately, the untrained eyes in our society often belong to people who wield power, such as police officers. They do not understand how little is needed to interact with someone who is making violent or threatening statements. They have often not been socialized to understand that validation and empathy can and will take us further than corporal punishment.

Some write statements like I just made off

prisoners, continue the fire of the rebellion started in the winter of 2014, and draw connections between the battle against racist police terror and the struggle to free all class war prisoners in the US.

Towards this end, we are envisioning a series of panel discussions, film screenings, and an educational conference to work towards the release of the remaining MOVE 9 and all class war prisoners. We are also interested in generating a call for autonomous actions to be carried out around the time of the anniversary to encourage various groups and organizations to take action on their own accord. We envision:

1) A panel discussion composed of various members of different organizations and collectives supporting political prisoners that discusses the need to support Prisoners of the one-sided ClassWar the 1% is currently

need to involve anyone else in the situation. If I had called the police, he would have been endangered further in ways that one might not anticipate. Even if a police visit stayed peaceful, his lease terms stated that if the police came, his landlord would break the lease. The punishment for having a short period of decompensation at the hands of a biological brain disorder could have been homelessness, police brutality or death. By simply not making assumptions and asking what he wanted, we avoided a situation that could have turned violent.

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waging against us and the role of revolutionary solidarity in movements of struggle.

2) A film screening of the newly released documentary film, "Let the Fires Burn," which features never before seen footage of the police campaign against the MOVE organization.

3) An educational conference designed to share information about political prisoners that brings together a wide network of support organizations fighting for the release of all class war prisoners.

This message is the first in an attempt to create a dialog with comrades we believe may be interested in such activity. We have yet to secure our venues. Nevertheless, if you are interested in speaking to us on this project further, please respond by contacting us at: nomorelockeddoors@riseup.net

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This continues to be supported and perpetuated, while mental health workers everywhere experience burn out and high turn over because of lack of emotional, societal, and financial support. When a mental health worker quits and gets replaced, that is a brand new person that many will have to learn to trust again. Trusting others can be hard after a life of being brutalized. The system expects them to live off of \$750 a month. Society calls them lazy because they don't/can't work and the system cuts assistance if they try. With all these hardships, that trust and connection with another human being can make an enormous difference in somebody's life.

I encourage those interested in working or volunteering in mental health to engage in radical self-care and to remind yourselves that you are learning and using priceless skills, even if others try to convince you that it's a waste of time - that you are worthless or weak. I am hopeful that one day, there will be more client-centered mental health workers than police officers and that we can train the police on how to de-escalate situations using communication.



White People in Movements for Racial Justice

By Jesse Pfein

"The task for white subjects would be to stay implicated in what they critique, but in turning towards their role and responsibility in these histories of racism, as histories of this present, to turn away from themselves, and towards others." --Sara Ahmed (Declarations of Whiteness: The Non-Performativity of Anti-Racism)

I don't clearly remember how I first heard about Michael Brown's shooting. Maybe my partner mentioned it or maybe I saw it on the news. What I do recall are the words, "a black teenager was shot by police with his hands up." The fuzziness of this memory is interesting to me -- that it is blurry is an indication that it didn't stop me in my tracks. My next recollection is that about a week later, my friend and colleague Nia Austin-Edwards called white people out on Facebook, quoting Dr. Takiyah Nur Amin and asking white people, "Why aren't you talking about Michael Brown? Your silence is deafening after hearing so much noise about the ALS Ice Bucket challenge." Excuses that I knew were empty defenses ran through my mind: "It's August. I'm on vacation. I'm unplugged!"

And then emerged my doubt... "what is my place as a white person to talk about violence against black and brown people?" It felt like it was not *my* rage to own or express. It's not happening to me, to my community. I'm not under attack, I'm not afraid for my own survival. It was a moment that returned me to a fundamental truth of being white: I really don't have to talk about race and certainly not racist violence. This could be summed up under the now ubiquitous term "white privilege," the ability

"Dear White Protesters" and "On White People, Solidarity and (Not) Marching for Mike Brown".

These conversations raise the question of what white people's role is in challenging white supremacy. They are connected to the past two decades of Whiteness Studies, an interdisciplinary field that calls for white people to put their attention on what it means to be white, and a growing grassroots of political organizing by white anti-racists. My involvement in this work began in 2006 when I attended the People's Institute for Survival and Beyond's (PISAB) Understanding Undoing Racism™ + Community Organizing Workshop as part of professional development for my teaching job. PISAB's workshop gave me a language to describe what I had slowly been noticing about race -- that it was not about "difference" but about power and exclusion. The workshop named white power, white supremacy, and white privilege, and it gave tools for conscious, active anti-racist organizing at the organizational and community-level. Back at my job, I work with a multiracial group of teachers to develop relationships based in mutual vulnerability that enabled us to take

as we gain unearned advantages from it, for it's a delusion about who and what we are, often breeding thin-skin that makes coping with disappointment and life's challenges more difficult. I think whiteness can lead to addiction and mental health issues, that whiteness itself

and in the collective movement for racial justice. I try to enact this accountability by asking what is needed instead of assuming I know what's best, by being willing to fall back and not be in the spotlight, by letting go of my agenda and the need to always dictate what's

I have to learn how to think critically about race because I have not had to think about it in order to survive, and I have been taught to suppress thinking about it, ironically in the name of trying to not be racially prejudiced by attempting to be "colorblind."

can be understood as an addiction to power. But I do not feel I do racial justice work primarily to restore my "humanity" for whiteness is what our society has used to define "human."

White people don't need more humanity, we need to question what is human and who is deemed to be human in the first place. Some

white anti-racists think it's motivational to focus on how racial justice brings "positive gains" to white people such as feeling more comfort in diverse settings or helping us build more "authentic" cross-racial relationships, learning to "use our privilege for good" and then feel good by patting ourselves on the back for it.

going to happen, by talking less and listening more, by being open to being called out (or called in) and not just cry in response or feel paralyzed by shame, and by being willing to be compassionate and loving towards other white people instead of putting myself on a pedestal above them for my anti-racism. There is no rest in this work -- no vacation days off in August -- I have to be will to unlearn over and over, again and again, with humility, every day.

Returning to Nia's desire for her white friends to speak up, I ultimately felt I had to speak in a way that wasn't about my emotions -- not because at times I felt numb in my whiteness, but because I didn't think they were the ones that mattered most. I didn't want to use an expression of sadness or anger as a way to "prove" my anti-racism. What actions



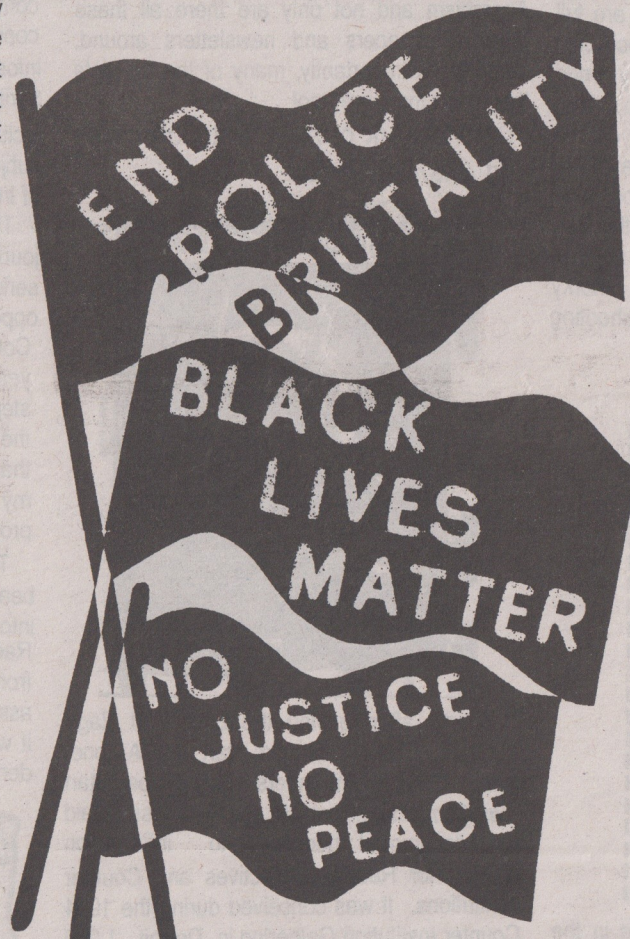
the fuzziness of this memory is interesting to me -- that it is blurry is an indication that it didn't stop me in my tracks. My next recollection is that about a week later, my friend and colleague Nia Austin-Edwards called white people out on Facebook, quoting Dr. Takiyah Nur Amin and asking white people, "Why aren't you talking about Michael Brown? Your silence is deafening after hearing so much noise about the ALS Ice Bucket challenge." Excuses that I knew were empty defenses ran through my mind: "It's August. I'm on vacation. I'm unplugged!"

And then emerged my doubt... "what is my place as a white person to talk about violence against black and brown people?" It felt like it was not *my* rage to own or express. It's not happening to me, to my community. I'm not under attack, I'm not afraid for my own survival. It was a moment that returned me to a fundamental truth of being white: I really don't have to talk about race and certainly not racist violence. This could be summed up under the now ubiquitous term "white privilege," the ability to not have to think about race or care about racism.

Yet I am married to a black person, my godchildren are black, I teach black students, and I'm going to say it -- the horrible "yes, I have black friends" line. Why didn't this love translate into more immediate concern and outrage? Is there something still illegible about black pain to me as a white person, in spite of these relationships? Does whiteness create a protective bubble around me that intimacy of all sorts does not completely pierce? These questions disturbed me.

As Nia's call sparked me to work harder to find ways of responding to racist policing, I noticed within the #blacklivesmatter movement thus far a theme that strikes me as distinct, or at least more pronounced and announced, from other moments in the long movement for racial justice: repeated calls for white people to both "do something" AND to be reflective and thoughtful about what we are doing and how we do it. Are we dominating the spaces where organizing is happening? How do we participate in protests? Does putting our hands up and saying "dor..." make any sense at all since our whiteness protects us and gives us the benefit of the doubt? What are we

racism™ + Community Organizing Workshop as part of professional development for my teaching job. PISAB's workshop gave me a language to describe what I had slowly been noticing about race -- that it was not about "difference" but about power and exclusion. The workshop named white power, white supremacy, and white privilege, and it gave tools for conscious, active anti-racist organizing at the organizational and community-level. Back at my job, I work with a multiracial group of teachers to develop relationships based in mutual vulnerability that enabled us to take



strategic actions for racial justice within the school, not always successfully, but always learning from our mistakes together.

I feel it is important as a white person to challenge white supremacy not from a desire for our redemption or to reclaim a goodness that too often has always belonged to social constructions of whiteness as pure, innocent,

about it, ironically in the name of trying to not be racially prejudiced by attempting to be "colorblind."

can be understood as an addiction to power. But I do not feel I do racial justice work primarily to restore my "humanity" for whiteness is what our society has used to define "human."

White people don't need more humanity, we need to question what is human and who is deemed to be human in the first place. Some

white anti-racists think it's motivational to focus on how racial justice brings "positive gains" to white people such as feeling more comfort in diverse settings or helping us build more "authentic" cross-racial relationships, learning to "use our privilege for good" and then feel good by patting ourselves on the back for it.

I suppose these things are nice and all, but I think white people also have to be willing to *lose* -- our entire worldview for starters and the comfort that comes from ignoring racial inequity and suffering, but also our internalized superiority and sense of entitlement to being the center of attention. We might lose our friends who might reject us for being outspoken and "always talking about race...again," our livelihoods from employers who might not appreciate our questions about racially equitable practices in the workplace, and even our lives. Yet even with all we stand to lose, I don't think we can just re-

write what whiteness means, all of a sudden escaping its confines or giving up the unearned advantages we receive as white people. I have to be willing to accept the limits to seeing and naming whiteness: it cannot be renounced just because I all of a sudden I am paying attention to it.

For me, the work of white people in challenging white supremacy has been a

going to happen, by talking less and listening more, by being open to being called out (or called in) and not just cry in response or feel paralyzed by shame, and by being willing to be compassionate and loving towards other white people instead of putting myself on a pedestal above them for my anti-racism. There is no rest in this work -- no vacation days off in August -- I have to be will to unlearn over and over, again and again, with humility, every day.

Returning to Nia's desire for her white friends to speak up, I ultimately felt I had to speak in a way that wasn't about my emotions -- not because at times I felt numb in my whiteness, but because I didn't think they were the ones that mattered most. I didn't want to use an expression of sadness or anger as a way to "prove" my anti-racism. What actions could I take that would be concrete solidarity?

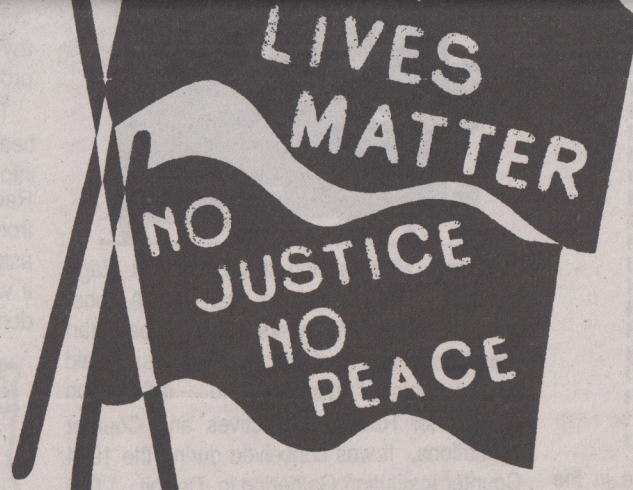
So far my attempts to respond include sharing information about what was going on as the situation in Ferguson escalated and got more brutal towards protesters, donating money to grassroots organizations in Ferguson and encouraging others with financial means to do the same, planning with colleagues how to talk about the history and current context of police violence, asking my white friends and family to talk about it, supporting my students as they create artistic work about racism and connecting them to broader arts-activist communities, listening to and learning from people who have been to Ferguson, attending marches and protests together and spreading the word about other actions.

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chanting? How are the stakes of saying “fuck the police” at a protest different for white people? These critiques circulated in cyberspace, some popular pieces if you haven't read them are: “12 Things White People Can Do Now Because Ferguson” by Janee Woods

and clean. I can participate best if and when I am motivated by ethics, a desire for justice. I often hear in white anti-racist circles that white supremacy “hurts white people too” and “we need to reclaim our humanity.” And I do agree that whiteness is harmful to white people even

lose our entire worldview for starters and the comfort that comes from ignoring racial inequity and suffering, but also our internalized superiority and sense of entitlement to being the center of attention. We might lose our friends who might reject us for being outspoken and “always talking about race...again,” our livelihoods from employers who might not appreciate our questions about racially equitable practices in the workplace, and even our lives. Yet even with all we stand to lose, I don't think we can just re-

write what whiteness means, all of a sudden escaping its confines or giving up the unearned advantages we receive as white people. I have to be willing to accept the limits to seeing and naming whiteness: it cannot be renounced just because I all of a sudden I am paying attention to it.

For me, the work of white people in challenging white supremacy has been a continuous balance of reflection and action as I stumble along in learning and unlearning so many things. I have to learn how to think critically about race because I have not had to think about it in order to survive, and I have been taught to suppress thinking about it, ironically in the name of trying to not be racially prejudiced by attempting to be “colorblind.” Working with other white people who are committed and engaged in anti-racist thought and practice has been crucial to this process, in order to not rely only on people of color to educate me about race. I feel I can lift some of that burden in dealing with whiteness by trying to confront it in collaboration with other white people. But this work with other white people must be balanced by genuine accountability to people of color, in my neighborhood, my workplace, other organizations I participate in,

as the situation in Ferguson escalated and got more brutal towards protesters, donating money to grassroots organizations in Ferguson and encouraging others with financial means to do the same, planning with colleagues how to talk about the history and current context of police violence, asking my white friends and family to talk about it, supporting my students as they create artistic work about racism and connecting them to broader arts-activist communities, listening to and learning from people who have been to Ferguson, attending marches and protests together and spreading the word about other actions.

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of all forms of dominant groups recognize we can contribute to social movements challenging marginalization because *we* collectively are the systemic problem. There is important work to do for everyone, starting with remaining open to input and direction while being wildly imaginative about what our contributions can be. *Thank you to Nia Austin-Edwards for feedback and edits.*

Links to articles mentioned:
www.alternet.org/news-amp-politics/12-things-white-people-can-do-now-because-ferguson,
bendstowardjustice.tumblr.com/post/104742740875/dear-white-protestors,
freeqthamighty.tumblr.com/post/95573664816/on-white-people-solidarity-and-not-marching

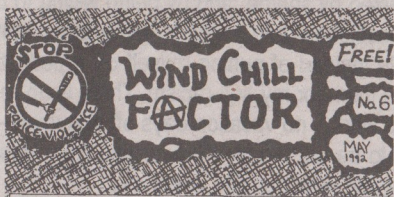
New Anarchist Federation & Anti-Fascist Network Forms & a Look to Past Efforts

By A. Iwasa, artsandcrust at hushmail dot com

With the recent wave of Black Lives Matter street demonstrations and the formation of the Black Rose Anarchist Federation/Federación Anarquista Rosa Negra and the Torch Anti-Fascist Network, I wanted to gather together some historical examples of attempts at local, national and international organizing by Anarchists in North America in the 1980s and '90s, intervention in mass movements, and the importance of having our own media in this work.

Materials such as those from the 1990s Love and Rage Network/Revolutionary Anarchist Federation and the Network of Anarchist Collectives can serve as a good example of how Anarchists in the US, Mexico and Canada organized, how they perceived then-current events, and what they tried to struggle with and against. There were some successes, but also many failures and shortcomings that could be studied systematically to benefit comrades now and in the future immensely.

The Baklava Autonomist Collective and *Wind Chill Factor*



at a national action against Operation Desert Storm in Washington, DC in January 1991; early coverage of the Zapatista Uprising from the Mexican *L&R* group, Amor y Rabia; and street level reports on L&R members' participation in escorting patients to abortion clinics, in Anti-Racist Action (ARA), and many other struggles.

L&R split in 1993 into groups of people who wanted to maintain the decentralized Love and Rage Network that had formed from the groups that produced the paper, and those who wanted more cohesive politics within a disciplined, cadre type organization. This led to groups such as Baklava splitting, and the re-organization of the Network into the Love and Rage Revolutionary Anarchist Federation. The Federation continued to print *L&R* until it broke up in 1998. This led some ex-members to immediately form the Fire by Night Organizing Committee and others to join already-established groups, such as the Freedom Road Socialist Organization. Later, some ex-members were pivotal to the formation and development of other new organizations such as Bring the Ruckus (BTR) and the North Eastern Federation of Anarchist Communists (NEFAC).

Internal documents were a major aspect of *L&R*. Both the *Discussion Bulletin* (*Disco Bull*) and the *Federation Bulletin* (*Fed Bull*) are full of materials related to debates and decisions, news about actions and contemporary world events, and reflections on all of these things and more. These activities are largely carried out online now, though I generally believe that a great deal more thought and intention goes into this sort of work when people take the time to type, then print out and mail these sorts of things, as opposed to posting snarky comments on websites or promptly shooting

now-vintage riot porn as a concrete example of this history.

Though this comrade had been in the Long Haul Collective for years, she had never seen anything from the extensive *L&R* archive!

After a similar conversation with another younger comrade who had also spent more time squatting in Oakland and volunteering at the Long Haul than me, the second comrade went about discussing this article with one of the older comrades who was around at the time. The older comrade helped contextualize the article, saying that around then, many street level radicals in Berkeley had gotten their teeth sharp in the Anti-Apartheid struggle, and rowdiness and oppression were expected at demonstrations. He also identified that squat in Barrington Hall as part of the co-op defense against gentrification, which continued with Hellarity in Oakland, where they had both lived.

With all the focus that significant numbers of revolutionary Anarchists put on understanding the thoughts and actions of Anarchists from the mid-to-late 1800s and early 1900s, why hasn't similar energy gone into understanding and analyzing the theories and work of 1980s and '90s Anarchists? Especially since their movements are literally the direct predecessors of what's going on now in Anarchism and not only are there all these great newspapers and newsletters around, much more importantly, many of the militants that made them are, too!

The Network of Anarchist Collectives and *(Dis)Connection*



Collectives," and "On Boys In Collectives," were somewhat-painful reminders about how many current Leftists in general and participants in the Infoshop Movement in particular are pretty good at re-inventing faulty wheels. Bringing back these past discussions and insights continues to be a goal of mine in both the research and writing that I do.

When asked to be on a panel about "Zines & Libraries" at Chicago 'Zine Fest in 2010, I made a point in inviting one of the authors of these articles and bringing the two copies of *(Dis)Connection* with me, then talking about how Wicker Park was still 70% Latin@ at the time the A-Zone was there, according to the journal. I brought this up while talking about the current gentrification of Pilsen, for anyone there who still might not be taking it seriously.

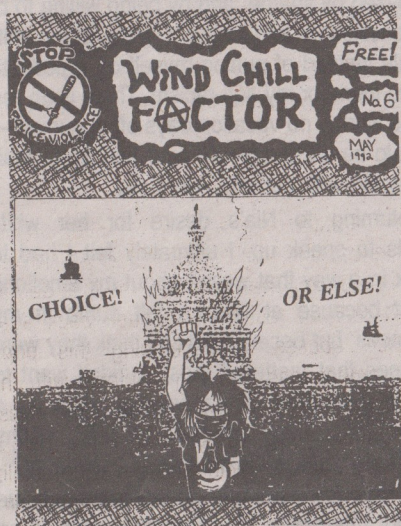
It was also fascinating to see Food Not Bombs in Chicago declared dead forever. There were three different neighborhood chapters going strong, years later when I was reading the journal! The death of the Earth First! Movement was also pondered in this 1990s journal, showing how often we despair when there is still hope.

In an era of so-called "social networking" websites, these journals were a real charge to get a hold of, and I'm sure I would have read and re-read them if they were new. As I continued my research in early 2014 I found copies of #4 & #5 at the Taala Hooghan Infoshop in Flagstaff, AZ and posted them on Scribd (www.scribd.com). These issues include four articles dealing directly with the subject of this article, written under the rubric of Intercollectivism.

The networking that came out of these journals culminated in Active Resistance, a series of events that were held in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic National

example of how Anarchists in the US, Mexico and Canada organized, how they perceived then-current events, and what they tried to struggle with and against. There were some successes, but also many failures and shortcomings that could be studied systematically to benefit comrades now and in the future immensely.

The Baklava Autonomist Collective and *Wind Chill Factor*



Only with the demise of the Autonomous Zone Infoshop (A-Zone) in Chicago, where I was a member of the Collective at the time, did I find out that the A-Zone had been formed largely by the Baklava Autonomist Collective. As we packed up the A-Zone's 'zine library, one of my comrades handed me a copy of Baklava's 'zine, *Wind Chill Factor*, and told me it was the origin of the A-Zone. As I began to do my own research on the Anarchist movement during the A-Zone's 1993 formation, I also found out that Baklava members had been involved with the start of *Love and Rage* (L&R) as an Anarchist newspaper, then a decentralized Anarchist network.

Love and Rage



Rage Revolutionary Federation continued to print *L&R* until it broke up in 1998. This led some ex-members to immediately form the Fire by Night Organizing Committee and others to join already-established groups, such as the Freedom Road Socialist Organization. Later, some ex-members were pivotal to the formation and development of other new organizations such as Bring the Ruckus (BTR) and the North Eastern Federation of Anarchist Communists (NEFAC).

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There are aspects of snark and fire in the letters and articles printed in the *Disco Bull* and the *Fed Bull*, but I feel like the general thoughtfulness of these internal bulletins are literally the polar opposite of listservs and message boards online now.

Plus, it was simultaneously exciting and a bit depressing to read L&R members' debates and discussions of so many of the same issues and participation in many of the same

squat in Barrington Hall as part of the co-op defense against gentrification, which continued with Hellarity in Oakland, where they had both lived.

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The Network of Anarchist Collectives and *(Dis)Connection*



Shortly after leaving the Love and Rage Network, Baklava helped start the A-Zone, whose Collective members in turn helped start *(Dis)Connection*, which, the first issue said was "a journal dedicated to information sharing for Radical Collectives and Counter Institutions. It was conceived during the 1994 Counter Institution Gathering in Detroit. 1,000 copies printed in Philadelphia, PA. Infoshops and collectives received master copies to reproduce as well. The producers of this issue

can be reached at the Wooden Shoe, a long established collective bookstore in Philly which is still going! The Network of Anarchist Collectives (NAC) came out of this, and included the Long Haul and some long-since-closed radical spaces such as the Emma

there who still might not be taking it seriously. It was also fascinating to see Food Not Bombs in Chicago declared dead forever. There were three different neighborhood chapters going strong, years later when I was reading the journal! The death of the Earth First! Movement was also pondered in this 1990s journal, showing how often we despair when there is still hope.

In an era of so-called "social networking" websites, these journals were a real charge to get a hold of, and I'm sure I would have read and re-read them if they were new. As I continued my research in early 2014 I found copies of #4 & #5 at the Taala Hooghan Infoshop in Flagstaff, AZ and posted them on Scribd (www.scribd.com). These issues include four articles dealing directly with the subject of this article, written under the rubric of Intercollectivism.

The networking that came out of these journals culminated in Active Resistance, a series of events that were held in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic National Convention, which met there in 1996. For years I perceived this as the main preceding step towards the mass mobilizations against the main political party nominating conventions that have happened steadily since 2000, but my study of L&R materials showed that similar protests also occurred in 1988 and '92!

Those of us who dwell in the belly of the beast still live in an empire, even if it has gone into serious decline since the early 1990s. Radicals have a responsibility to try to learn from past mistakes, so we can take this rotten-ass system down once and for all, and replace it with the justice and equality that has been denied for far too long!



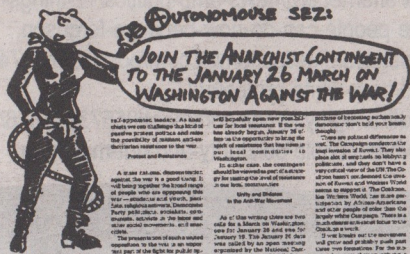
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Love and Rage



Here at the Long Haul Infoshop in Berkeley (where the *Slingshot* office is located), I had my first chance to go through old copies of L&R and internal documents, including a pre-founding conference discussion bulletin!

I was amazed to see major history, such as the call for the first black bloc in North America



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Plus, it was simultaneously exciting and a bit depressing to read L&R members' debates and discussions of so many of the same issues and participation in many of the same struggles as we face today. It was clear how, in many ways, they were a pivotal link between the New Left era and today, but, in other ways, I think a lot of their lessons have been lost as people have left or seriously stepped back from political struggle.

Once, while discussing squatting in Oakland, a younger comrade from the Long Haul with far more experience than me in both squatting and volunteering at the Long Haul said to me, "There's no history of squatting in the Bay Area."

Having just read in *Nine - Tenths of the Law* by Hannah Dobbz about the White Panther Party in San Francisco during the era of the New Left cracking open squats, then hooking people in need of housing up with it, I replied with that story.

After discussing it briefly, I took out L&R Vol. 1, No. 2 from May, 1990 whose front cover below the fold has the headline: "BERKELEY POLICE ATTACK SQUAT" along with some



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The second issue was written by Chicagoans, and was largely about the A-Zone. The words, "Left Bank donated \$50.00 to assist in our goal of one Uzi per A-Zone member" on the inside cover instantly sparked my interest. Though I'm sure there was never a gun fund for A-Zoners, I couldn't help but enjoy the thought of Left Bank Books, a collectively-run radical bookstore from Seattle that's still around, sending the A-Zone money for weapons!

This was actually the first issue I was able to read, when a comrade lent me this and the third issue in early 2009 to help with my research for a 'zine on Infoshops in Chicago. Articles in this issue, such as "Against Half-Assed Race and Class Theory and Practice", "Gentrifuckation and White Frontier

the main political party nominating conventions that have happened steadily since 2000, but my study of L&R materials showed that similar protests also occurred in 1988 and '92!

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The Torch Anti-Fascist Network includes what I consider to have been the most radical elements of the Anti-Racist Action (ARA) Network, such as Chicago's South Side ARA and the Los Angeles chapter, who send their paper, *Turning the Tide*, to prisoners in the US for free.

Anti-Racist Action Los Angeles / People Against Racist Terror
PO BOX 1055
Culver City, CA 90232

BLACK ROSE
ANARCHIST FEDERATION



FEDERACIÓN ANARQUISTA
ROSA NEGRA

"...the police are the physical extension of the state and capital. So how can we continue the momentum while targeting the underlying systems of oppression behind the white supremacist state violence that has outraged millions?"

EXPANDING THE STRUGGLE:

notes of the #blacklivesmatter movement by Black Rose/Rosa Negra NYC

By Black Rose Anarchist Federation-NYC

An unprecedentedly broad, decentralized, confrontational, and leaderless movement has arisen in response to the police murders of Michael Brown, Eric Garner and too many others. With the back-to-back non-indictments of Officers Darren Wilson and Daniel Pantaleo, we have witnessed a powerful rage against the impunity of the police and their disrespect for Black life that has sparked a surge of activity not seen in recent times in NYC or across the US. What began as an isolated outburst in Ferguson has surpassed initial concerns about the longevity of the protests by quickly becoming one of the most profound American social upheavals in recent decades.

Many have said, "People are mad today, but will they still be mad next week?" Massive mobilizations over the past few weeks—taking over streets, bridges, tunnel entrances, places of business, train and ferry stations, sometimes with planning, other times with no prior planning at all—have allowed us to answer that question with a resounding YES.

But if we don't expand the struggle, there will come a week when the answer is 'no,' and we risk a return to normal. Or if we are seduced into believing that the police can be reformed into submission with superficial policy initiatives like body cameras or civilian review boards, we may believe that we have fixed the

The Movement

Since Michael Brown's murder, an anti-authoritarian leaderless movement has emerged energized with the confrontational #ShutItDown mentality. In Ferguson, demonstrators have staged confrontational sit-ins in front of police stations, taken over streets and malls, and burned police cars. Protesters in New York City marched and successfully shut down five of the city's bridges, two of its tunnels, two of its highways, the ferry terminal, Grand Central, and other transit hubs.

As opposed to the traditional image of the hierarchical, monolithic social movement directed from above by a handful of charismatic visionaries, we are witnessing a rapid proliferation of knowledge and experiences that is allowing protesters to apply methods of disruption to their local circumstances without looking upward for direction. As the conflict unfolds, more and more people are seeing beyond the false good cop/bad cop binary and thinking of the entire police force as the enemy.

The current decentralized movement of working-class African-American men and women and their many diverse supporters is in direct conflict with white supremacy. They proclaim #BlackLivesMatter, because combating the ingrained state violence that supports white supremacy and erases and destroys Black bodies is the ultimate goal. If

and surveillance in response to the recent wave of protests.

Containment has allowed protesters to congest the traffic in the city. Bratton's strategy is to allow the fire of the protesters to burn itself out by not providing it any extra tinder to burn by cracking down. The strategy is informed by the intelligence gathered by NYPD detectives observing the conflict on the ground in Ferguson.

Instead of busting heads right away, helicopters buzz overhead and tag protesters that step out of line; fire trucks and ambulances drive through marches scattering and dividing protesters drawing power away



from marches and actions. The NYPD is trying to make us tired, uncomfortable, and, above all, trying to make us stop.

However, the NYPD containment strategy is not hands off. The cops arrested 328 people during the first three days after the Eric Garner decision. They used pepper spray, sonic cannons, and good old fashion clubs when they felt they could. Beneath the NYPD's veneer of civility and respect towards

Blasio's containment focus, we must raise the stakes by enhancing the depth and scope of our actions.

What if students followed up walkouts with strikes and occupations until the killer cops were prosecuted? What if all of the thousands of people who flooded the city turned to their co-workers and organized die-ins at work? What would happen if the growing mobilizations for a \$15 minimum wage or decent work conditions at Walmart pushed beyond the narrow agendas of the union bureaucrats to affirm that #BlackLivesMatter at work as well as in our communities? Or if environmentalists could affirm that their movement is no less racialized than any other, and spend more time addressing the fact that communities of color breathe air that is 40% more polluted, and less time on photo-ops with Leonardo DiCaprio?

To uproot white supremacy from a society whose racism is historically ingrained, we have no choice but to expand the struggle into all areas of our lives and recognize how it thrives on capitalist exploitation, heteropatriarchal violence, and state control. And so, while we affirm the importance of intermediate demands that defund, restrict, and push back against police abuses in developing this popular movement, and stand in solidarity with those who promote them, we must remember: as an

of Officers Darren Wilson and Daniel Pantaleo, we have witnessed a powerful rage against the impunity of the police and their disrespect for Black life that has sparked a surge of activity not seen in recent times in NYC or across the US. What began as an isolated outburst in Ferguson has surpassed initial concerns about the longevity of the protests by quickly becoming one of the most profound American social upheavals in recent decades.

Many have said, "People are mad today, but will they still be mad next week?" Massive mobilizations over the past few weeks—taking over streets, bridges, tunnel entrances, places of business, train and ferry stations, sometimes with planning, other times with no prior planning at all—have allowed us to answer that question with a resounding YES.

But if we don't expand the struggle, there will come a week when the answer is 'no,' and we risk a return to normal. Or if we are seduced into believing that the police can be reformed into submission with superficial policy initiatives like body cameras or civilian review boards, we may believe that we have fixed the problem only to witness more Michael Browns, more Eric Garners. At the end of the day, the police are the physical extension of the state and capital. So how can we continue the momentum while targeting the underlying systems of oppression behind the white supremacist state violence that has outraged millions?

and malls, and burned police cars. Protesters in New York City marched and successfully shut down five of the city's bridges, two of its tunnels, two of its highways, the ferry terminal, Grand Central, and other transit hubs.

As opposed to the traditional image of the hierarchical, monolithic social movement directed from above by a handful of charismatic visionaries, we are witnessing a rapid proliferation of knowledge and experiences that is allowing protesters to apply methods of disruption to their local circumstances without looking upward for direction. As the conflict unfolds, more and more people are seeing beyond the false good cop/bad cop binary and thinking of the entire police force as the enemy.

The current decentralized movement of working-class African-American men and women and their many diverse supporters is in direct conflict with white supremacy. They proclaim #BlackLivesMatter, because combating the ingrained state violence that supports white supremacy and erases and destroys Black bodies is the ultimate goal. If you think this is just about a few cases, about just one individual cop versus one individual victim, you're wrong.

Containment

The NYPD has allowed these marches and die-ins to happen. DeBlasio and Bratton, in conjunction with dozens of cities across the country, have devised a policy of containment

informed by the intelligence gathered by NYPD detectives observing the conflict on the ground in Ferguson.

Instead of busting heads right away, helicopters buzz overhead and tag protesters that step out of line; fire trucks and ambulances drive through marches scattering and dividing protesters drawing power away



from marches and actions. The NYPD is trying to make us tired, uncomfortable, and, above all, trying to make us stop.

However, the NYPD containment strategy is not hands off. The cops arrested 328 people during the first three days after the Eric Garner decision. They used pepper spray, sonic cannons, and good old fashion clubs when they felt they could. Beneath the NYPD's veneer of civility and respect towards protesters lurks the full power of state violence. Cops are still cops.

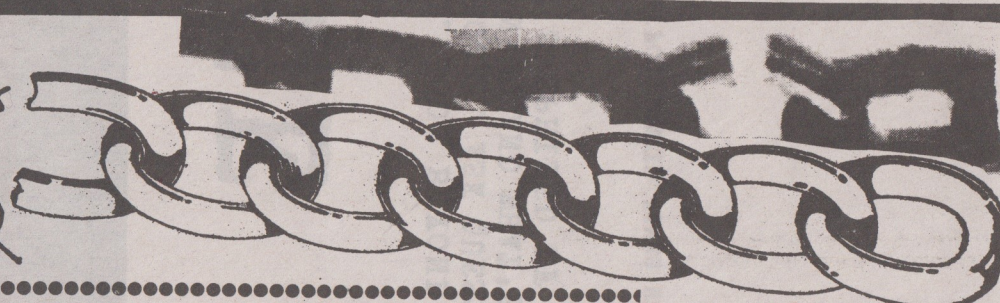
Expanding the Struggle

Shutting down business as usual through marches and die-ins is an important first step toward magnifying popular outrage at police terrorism and crystallizing resistance into a movement, but, especially considering De

co-workers and organized die-ins at work? What would happen if the growing mobilizations for a \$15 minimum wage or decent work conditions at Walmart pushed beyond the narrow agendas of the union bureaucrats to affirm that #BlackLivesMatter at work as well as in our communities? Or if environmentalists could affirm that their movement is no less racialized than any other, and spend more time addressing the fact that communities of color breathe air that is 40% more polluted, and less time on photo-ops with Leonardo DiCaprio?

To uproot white supremacy from a society whose racism is historically ingrained, we have no choice but to expand the struggle into all areas of our lives and recognize how it thrives on capitalist exploitation, heteropatriarchal violence, and state control. And so, while we affirm the importance of intermediate demands that defund, restrict, and push back against police abuses in developing this popular movement, and stand in solidarity with those who promote them, we must remember: as an institution designed to protect the rich and enforce a de facto system of racialized terrorism in working class communities of color, *the police cannot be reformed!* The only solution is a popular revolution of strikes, occupations, and mass resistance to abolish the class society that spawned the police into existence in the first place. brnnyc.tumblr.com/

Prisoner Support Group Wins Early Release for Eric McDavid



Eric McDavid is an anarchist and environmental activist who was entrapped by an undercover agent provocateur on conspiracy charges for an alleged "eco-arson" action that never took place. He was sentenced in 2008 to almost 20 years in prison -- one of the harshest "green scare" prison terms out of a series of eco-activists targeted by the government as "eco-terrorists". Despite the government's alarmist rhetoric, no human

during trial such as the love letters between me and the government's informant that the U.S. Attorney during my trial claimed never existed. All of this new evidence formed the basis for a habeas corpus petition and ended up, leveraging the government into giving me a time served deal for general conspiracy. This resulted in my immediate release.

The amount of support I received while I was on the inside has transitioned seamlessly to the

Find your joy.

Remember! Support for prisoners never ends when they walk out the prison door. Eric continues to need your love and support. For monetary support, visit:

www.youcaring.com/ericmcdavid. For more information on Eric, his case, or how to stay in touch with him now that he has been release, please visit: www.supporteric.org



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By Eric McDavid

It's so beautiful to write this to you from out here! For a quick recap, I'm recently out of Federal prison after nine years. I was arrested in January of 2006 after being entrapped by a government informant. I was sentenced to 235 months (19 years and 7 months) after being found guilty at trial of conspiracy to damage or destroy property by fire or explosive. I was released this past January, 2015 because of the continuous and amazing support from Sacramento Prisoner Support (SPS) and their concerted efforts with attorneys Mark Vermeulen and Ben Rosenfeld. My lawyers were able to obtain thousands of documents through a Freedom of Information Act request that had been withheld during my trial. A number of the withheld documents would have heavily bolstered my entrapment defense

during trial such as the love letters between me and the government's informant that the U.S. Attorney during my trial claimed never existed. All of this new evidence formed the basis for a habeas corpus petition and ended up leveraging the government into giving me a time served deal for general conspiracy. This resulted in my immediate release.

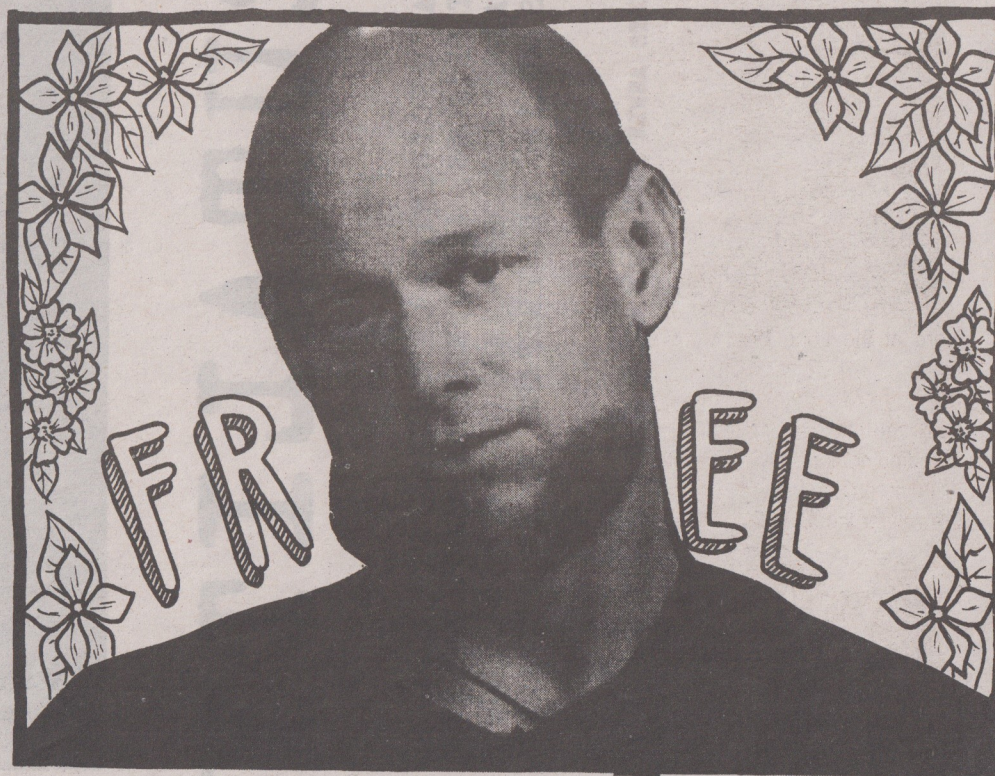
The amount of support I received while I was on the inside has transitioned seamlessly to the outside and continues to leave me breathless. The aid I've received from the instant of my release -- from letters sent to the SPS PO Box, vegan sausages, emails, cash, a backpack and water bottle, stamps, an event at the Station 40 space in San Francisco, and continued donations via my 'youcaring' fundraiser -- make me perpetually grateful and nourished by the over flowing tangibility of community created by so many people both near and far. At the moment I'm having to dance with supervised released (probation), school, and all that comes with having to dance with the institutions that form society. My experience of your continued aid and support is a resounding sign that our communities know how to support each other through difficult and challenging times. Please don't forget those of us that are still inside prison and kept from all they love. Create a moment or two to say hello and remind them that they are missed and loved.

Take care of yourselves. Take care of each other. 2Muchlove.

Find your joy.

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know why excited about the speeding thing. But he took so long at his car I thought it had to have been more. So I took my best guess: speeding?

He agreed and told me I was doing 90 in a 60 zone, and that really that was reckless driving and he should arrest me. But he checked my record (lightbulb) - why he was talking on the radio and taking so long - and my record was clean.

So he was going to do me a big favor. Now he's smiling. He was going to write down that I was doing only 10 miles over so that he doesn't have to arrest me and I can go to traffic school to avoid the point penalty. I was so relieved, I signed my ticket and went along on my merry way vowing never to break the law again.

After that, I preceded to get pulled over about 20+ more times in different cities: Irvine, CA; Houston, TX; Costa Mesa, CA; Fresno, CA; San Jose, CA; stretches of the I-5 and 405 in Southern California; stretches of the 99 and the 152 in Central and Northern California; and Oakland, CA.

Each time for valid reasons: speeding, unsafe lane change, rolling stop, running a red, passengers not wearing seatbelts, too many passengers, out taillights, out headlights, non-working brake lights, obscured back view, not signaling, etc. I was most often alone, sometimes with a carload of friends, sometimes with my son in the car.

The times with my son in the car were the most terrifying because the police officer would verbally assault me and shame me. I would cry desperate tears. Tears begging him not to make me get out of the car and arrest me and take my son to Child Protective Services.

The more sadistic ones pushed me to tears that terrified my son. In the rear view mirror through my own tears and sobbing, I could see his eyes wide, hear him whimpering not to take his mommy away. I would try to signal with my eyes it would be okay and he would begin to cry, sobbing because he knew it was never okay.

I would look at the cops, bile rising in my throat because I could see the sadistic glee on their faces, feel their hate radiating. "Is that your son in the back?" "I see you don't have a wedding ring?" "Do you always drive like this with children in the car?" Assuming I must have more than one.

I could hear their pulsating thoughts in their questions: this bitch single mother driving recklessly with one of her many half-breed children in the back deserves to know she is irresponsible and shameful. And that as an officer of the law they must see to it that I know my worth is determined by their laws.

After every one of those encounters I would signal, carefully pull back on to the roadway and drive until the police was no longer behind me. Then I would find a side street that looked quiet, turn, pull over and cry until I was dry heaving and sick. My son was terrified and confused about how how to make me stop crying.

I would then pull myself together in the form of berating myself for stupidly going with the flow of traffic and not posted speed, or not signaling the mandatory number of feet before turning or changing lanes. I would apologize to my baby boy for endangering his life, pull away from the curb and drive as safely as possible.

As we drove home I would point out the police cars and how they looked like sundaes with cherries on top. I would tell my son that I need to be more careful when I see my "friends".

And maybe next time we were out driving could he point out when he saw our "friends", that ride around in sundae cars with cherries on top so I could be extra super careful.

And each time he would tell me angrily that those cars don't look like sundaes and they are not our friends.



END PO

WRITE. SPEAK. PRESS RECORD.
TALK WITH YOUR FRIENDS. LISTEN
ASK ABOUT WHITENESS. ASK ABOUT
NOW AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN.

• THIS POSTER IS A C



END POLICE BRUTALITY

WRITE. SPEAK. PRESS RECORD. BEAR WITNESS. LOOK BEYOND INDIVIDUAL INCIDENTS. TALK WITH YOUR FRIENDS. LISTEN TO YOUR NEIGHBOURS. ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT PRISON. ASK ABOUT WHITENESS. ASK ABOUT WHAT'S IN THE NEWS AND WHAT'S NOT. ASK ABOUT HISTORY NOW AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN. AND DO NOT BE SURPRISED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN.

• THIS POSTER IS A COLLABORATION BETWEEN POET DAVID JAMES HUDSON AND ARTISTS ANNIE




AL PROM ABOUT POLICE BRUTALITY" BY DAVID JAMES HUDSON

LICE BRUTALITY

WITNESS. LOOK BEYOND INDIVIDUAL INCIDENTS, OFFICERS, AND FORCES.
OUR NEIGHBOURS. ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT PRISONS. ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT PROFITS.
S IN THE NEWS AND WHAT'S NOT. ASK ABOUT HISTORY - ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING
O NOT BE SURPRISED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN. BUT PREPARE TO BE OUTRAGED.

TION BETWEEN POET DAVID JAMES HUDSON AND ARTISTS ANNIE BANKS AND MOLLY JANE •

SUNDAE DRIVING



By Roxanne Llamas-Villaluz

My mom and dad are from the northern part of Luzon which is one of the largest islands in the Philippines.

When we were kids living in Fairfax County, Virginia my mom use to tell me that police cars were sundaes that had a cherry on top. When my dad would be driving along the freeway, anywhere in the U.S., my mom was always warning him to watch out for his "friend".

Sitting in the car over the years I wondered each time why she always used such cheerful euphemisms? I mean they were the cops: protect and serve, right? They needed to be mean, right? Catch the lawbreakers and all, right? Why was she constantly trying to make them nice for me, always trying to make them seem innocuous and harmless?

I continued to ponder that question each time she would point out all of the "cherry-on-tops", and all the "friends" pulled over on the highway or driving behind my dad. And when I would ask why, she would just say because their cars looked like sundaes & they were our friends.

Finally, at seventeen years old I got my driver's license. I drove around in my mom's borrowed Cutlass Calais and I felt free. I would drive along grateful to see all of those "sundaes" out on the road, my "friends" looking out for me.

And then one day, I don't remember when, I was way too free with my foot on the gas driving down a highway and I saw that cherry light up. It was so red like the maraschino on a sundae. I saw the blue pulses and I heard the siren. I was pretty nervous, but I knew I had broken the law and I was hoping it wouldn't be too bad.

I turned off my radio, rolled down my window, and remembered to immediately put my hands back on the steering wheel at 10 and 2.

The cop walked up, "license and registration?" I carefully grabbed my wallet and the registration out of the glove box and handed them to him with a smile and said, "here you are officer."

He just looked at me, took what I handed him and walked to his vehicle. I was getting super nervous because he was using his radio looking at my license plate and registration and license. Fuck, did I break some weird law that involved speeding?

After a while the officer came back and asked whose car I was driving. I told him my mom's. He then asked if I knew why he pulled me over? Shit, a trick question because I really didn't know why except the speeding thing. But he took so long at his car I thought it had to have been more. So I took my best guess: speeding?

MATTHEW
DUMAS, 18,
KILLED BY
POLICE

ERIC OSAGE
26, KILLED
BY POLICE

MALISSA
WILLIAMS,
50, KILLED
BY POLICE

TIMOTHY
RUSSELL
43, KILLED
BY POLICE

JOHN T.
WILLIAMS, 50
KILLED BY
POLICE

KENDRE
MCDADE
KILLED BY
POLICE

KENNETH
CHAMBERLAIN
SR., 69, KILLED
BY POLICE

JACK LAM
ROBERS
43, KILLED
POLICE

HUSEIN SHEHIDA
28, KILLED BY
POLICE

JONATHAN FERRA
29, KILLED BY
POLICE

MATTHEW
DUMAS, 18,
KILLED BY
POLICE

ERIC OSAWE
26, KILLED
BY POLICE

MICHAEL WADE
LAWSON, 17,
KILLED BY
POLICE

WENDELL
ALLEN, 20,
KILLED BY
POLICE

JAMES
BRISSETTE,
17, KILLED
BY POLICE

JEAN CHARLES
DEMENEZES
27, KILLED
BY POLICE

MALISSA
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BY POLICE

HUGH DAWSON
31, KILLED BY
POLICE

OFFICERS
AQUITTED

JOHN JOSEPH
HARPER, 37,
KILLED BY
POLICE

RONALD
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40, KILLED
BY POLICE

JOHN T.
WILLIAMS, 50
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KENDRECK
MCDADE, 19
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ORLANDO
BARLOW,
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WASHINGTON,
25, KILLED BY
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DENNIS
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SEAN BELL
23, KILLED
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RACISM

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ANDO LOW, KILLED POLICE	AARON CAMPBELL 25, KILLED BY POLICE	DUDLEY GEORGE, 38, KILLED BY POLICE	AMADOU DIALLO, 22, KILLED BY POLICE	OFFICERS FACE NO CHARGES	RAMARLY GRAHAM 18, KILLED BY POLICE
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ACISM

The Problem of

Continued from Page 1

for Black life to matter is not just about opposing policing practices against Black men and boys. It is also about how domestic abuse victim Marissa Alexander was not allowed to defend herself against her abusive husband under the same "stand your ground" defense in Florida law that George Zimmerman used to get exonerated in the killing of Trayvon Martin. It is also about how Black transwoman Cece McDonald was prosecuted and convicted for defending herself against a hostile and racist group of white youths in Minneapolis. It is also about how broader political practices, like the mass disenfranchisement of Florida and Ohio Black voters, the shutting down of water services to Detroit residents, and the anemic federal response to Hurricane Katrina in 2005, show a remarkable disregard for Black lives.

Because the nature of racism is not just prejudice but also the power to enforce prejudice, these problems cannot be addressed individually, by punishing or educating those who commit violence against Black people without justification. It's too big a problem. The conservative *Wall Street Journal* reported that in 2011 NYPD had more stops of young Black men in Manhattan than there are young Black men in Manhattan. And at least one former NYPD police officer has stepped forward to say that he was specifically ordered to stop young Black males at every opportunity. But he is just one officer, and NYPD just one department. Police officers everywhere have broad latitude to stop anyone they suspect may be involved in a crime and use that latitude to systematically target Black and Latino men and boys. The problem is deeper than any one

"baked into" police practices. "The root of the problem," says #BLM co-founder Alicia Garza, "is anti-black racism." In other words, there is a unique, deeply ingrained, and pervasive kind of racism that American society at large feels toward Black people that goes a long way toward explaining these disparities as well as many others.

And so when I wrote a correspondence for *The Feminist Wire* from the Democratic National Convention in 2012, there was no question that there was a problem. But as I watched the events around me, I was so disgusted by the lack of conversation among

And so it was that at the Blackest convention in some time, I watched Black leaders repeatedly miss a real opportunity to assert directly and publicly that Black life matters. Middle class or not. Employed or not. Black life matters. Even raising it as a matter of discussion, apparently, is too much to ask. But I will say it again and again—our lives do matter. It is not too much to ask. And we will not be asking always."

I was hoping (against hope!) that leaders who purported to represent my interests in Washington would make a full accounting of the fact that I want to live and that that desire means something. Instead of more discussion

So basically, the problem is not just that in many places a *de facto* police state already exists for the young Black segment of the US population, but also, more broadly, that the entire population of African Americans is perceived by the broader society (1) as a potential threat and (2) as unworthy of being listened to when they protest through legal, institutional, or other means.

so-called leaders representing largely Afro-descended constituencies that were then and are today being disproportionately murdered without any discernible sense of national outrage or demand for major action to address the problem, that I became convinced those leaders were part of that problem. I ended my article saying the following:

"And if electoral democracy holds out no better

about how to expand and enrich the ever-shrinking Black middle class and further privatize public education and other public services, I wanted an acknowledgment that segregated spaces like those where the majority of Black people live in Detroit, East Oakland, East St. Louis, and South Side Chicago were hazards for Black health, where we were being starved of things like healthy food and water, a living wage, enriching

the ghetto itself is violence against the people who live there. If something like 500 people who look like me were victims of homicide in the city of Chicago alone that year, the so-called leaders who wanted my vote -- especially those hailing from Chicago -- would apply all their powers to center a conversation about this horrific problem in the political discourse, addressing questions of why this was happening, especially how it related to the ongoing structural inequalities of inter-generational poverty and anti-blackness shared by victim and killer alike, and what a solution might look like that rightly targeted the systems that created and re-created these structures of power. (If your life doesn't matter to the society, how can it matter to the people who live on your block?) If a report uncovered the fact that at least every 28 hours, a Black person was killed by law enforcement, security forces, or vigilantes in the United States, I wanted everyone in attendance at DNC to be aware of this report and push it to the middle of the conversations at the convention.

Of course, I knew this conversation could not reach its fullest expression in the asphyxiated political discourse of the electoral arena — and the especially constricted discourse the racist power structure affords Black elected officials — and that it would require movements that impact those structures in revolutionary ways. I guess I was hoping for an ethical leadership that would speak truth (regardless of whether it got to keep a posh Washington job) in the service of Black folks and the fundamentally ethical and very long Black Freedom Struggle. Unfortunately, and predictably, the inescapable conclusion was that Black existence did not matter enough for

mass disenfranchisement of Florida and Ohio Black voters, the shutting down of water services to Detroit residents, and the anemic federal response to Hurricane Katrina in 2005, show a remarkable disregard for Black lives.

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For one thing, it's everywhere, not just New York. One report described anti-black racism as

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so-called leaders representing largely Afro-descended constituencies that were then and are today being disproportionately murdered without any discernible sense of national outrage or demand for major action to address the problem, that I became convinced those leaders were part of that problem. I ended my article saying the following:

"And if electoral democracy holds out no better promise than this, then there are few options that remain aside from those that Assata Shakur and George Jackson recommended.

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power. (If your life doesn't matter to the society, how can it matter to the people who live on your block?) If a report uncovered the fact that at least every 28 hours, a Black person was killed by law enforcement, security forces, or vigilantes in the United States, I wanted everyone in attendance at DNC to be aware of this report and push it to the middle of the conversations at the convention.

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It's Not All About US

By Finn

Since the non-indictment of Darren Wilson and the increased visibility of the Black Lives Matter movement, there's been a lot of dialogue about how white folks ought to act as protesters and organizers, especially with respect to how white activists dominate space during actions. Part of being white in the United States means getting to believe that it's one's inherent right to be dominant at all times. This belief is so pervasive throughout our culture that it often plays out in explicitly anti-racist protests, actions, and organizing spaces. Though many white activists come from a place of genuinely wanting to effect change, the culture around white social justice activism

like to offer an alternative, somewhat more fleshed out list of suggestions:

- When gaining awareness of the history of oppression, it is common for white folks to react with feelings of guilt. Although this is an understandable way to feel, such emotions in and of themselves do not contribute to struggling against oppression, and often paralyze people from doing anything productive, especially when folks feel the need

- Don't be afraid of messiness and difficult emotions. Rather than focusing on our fears of imperfection, we could embrace our own imperfect humanity and accept that we're going to make mistakes, we're going to get confused, and we're going to feel uncomfortable. Acknowledge your mistakes, make an effort to do better, and move on.

- Be honest with yourself about what you don't know. As white people, there are times when we'll be approaching solidarity with an outsider

Rather than assuming the existence of a "leadership", educate yourself on a variety of perspectives and experiences.

- Just because you have white privilege, doesn't mean that folks of color are helpless and need or want white allies to step in and "lift them up". None of us are benevolent saviors, and it's paternalistic to act otherwise.

The phrase "white supremacy" often conjures up images of Nazi skinheads, but the reality is that white supremacy is not an extremist belief. It's a structural, systemic problem that, beyond underpinning racial privileges and oppressions, universalizes white experiences such that white people do not have to think about the fact that they're white. It

The phrase "white supremacy" often conjures up

It's Not All About Us

By Finn

Since the non-indictment of Darren Wilson and the increased visibility of the Black Lives Matter movement, there's been a lot of dialogue about how white folks ought to act as protesters and organizers, especially with respect to how white activists dominate space during actions. Part of being white in the United States means getting to believe that it's one's inherent right to be dominant at all times. This belief is so pervasive throughout our culture that it often plays out in explicitly anti-racist protests, actions, and organizing spaces. Though many white activists come from a place of genuinely wanting to effect change, the culture around white social justice activism makes it easy for white folks to keep the spotlight on themselves.

Being involved with planning and events and carrying out high-profile actions is glamorous, doing behind the scenes logistics or shitwork is not. Nor is it glamorous to step out of the spotlight and change diapers or do dishes or skip the POC dance party or otherwise decentralize one's own experience. This may be why, when white allies decide that an event or collective needs fewer white people or more POC, they often take steps to exclude white people while *excepting* themselves by virtue of being "allies".

Within the *Slingshot Collective*, which is at the moment largely (but not entirely) white, there's been a lot of conversation about constructive ways for white people to support Black Lives Matter. Some of us have encountered fliers at protests with suggested "protocols and principles" for white activists, but many of these fliers read more as a list of "don't's" than a list of "do's". To that effect, I'd

like to offer an alternative, somewhat more fleshed out list of suggestions:

- When gaining awareness of the history of oppression, it is common for white folks to react with feelings of guilt. Although this is an understandable way to feel, such emotions in and of themselves do not contribute to struggling against oppression, and often paralyze people from doing anything productive, especially when folks feel the need

- Don't be afraid of messiness and difficult emotions. Rather than focusing on our fears of imperfection, we could embrace our own imperfect humanity and accept that we're going to make mistakes, we're going to get confused, and we're going to feel uncomfortable. Acknowledge your mistakes, make an effort to do better, and move on.

- Be honest with yourself about what you don't know. As white people, there are times when we'll be approaching solidarity with an outsider

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to process such emotions during a planning meeting or action. If you're really struggling with feelings of guilt, try processing them with a therapist or trusted friends, outside of the meetings and actions.

- Be a good listener. When you speak, speak in your own voice - not for other people - and make room for other folks to speak as well. Stepping back doesn't mean never speaking at all - it means speaking with self-awareness and consideration of others' desires to be heard.

perspective - this isn't inherently "bad", it just needs to be acknowledged.

- Avoid making sweeping assumptions about groups of people and their "leaders". Following the leadership of people of color often assumes that POC are a monolithic group that all share the same goals, politics, and leaders. If an organized group of "white allies" wishes to seek out guidance, they have to make a decision on which POC are worth listening to, whose voices they think are most representative or worthy.

Rather than assuming the existence of a "leadership", educate yourself on a variety of perspectives and experiences.

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The phrase "white supremacy" often conjures up images of Nazi skinheads, but the reality is that white supremacy is not an extremist belief. It's a structural, systemic problem that, beyond underpinning racial privileges and oppressions, universalizes white experiences such that white people do not have to think about the fact that they're white. It isn't anyone's fault that they are born into a white supremacist society, and it also isn't possible for white people to exempt ourselves from being part of this society, just by claiming "allyship".

Challenging white supremacy is messy and complicated and all of us are going to fuck up. As white people, we need to get over this. Making mistakes is part of learning and growth and we don't need to freak out about always saying the right thing or doing the right thing or otherwise being Perfect Non-racist White Activists. It isn't All About Us. We don't need to apologize or feel guilty for having privilege, or whine about how we aren't responsible for privileges we didn't choose to have, or make a lot of self-righteous noise to prove to everyone how not-racist we are. Ultimately, solidarity isn't about self-absolution or feeling guilty or trying to prove one's own benevolence. It's about acting in support of others' struggle for liberation out of a sense of shared humanity.

Black Lives MATTERING

So I spoke about something that I knew. It was something ringing in my ears from conversations I had been having with colleagues, all of whom were reading things like Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks*, Saidiya V. Hartman's *Scenes of Subjection*, Hortense J. Spillers' "Mama's Baby, Papa's Maybe: An American Grammar Book," and Frank B. Wilderson's *Red, White, and Black*. The problem wasn't fundamentally one of changing practices. It was a problem of changing meaning. What does blackness mean to America? There are not-so-subtle hints everywhere.

- Black people make up approximately 12 percent of the US population, but constitute more than 40 percent of the prison population.

- White Americans use illegal drugs at rates that are comparable to, or well in excess of, the rates at which Black Americans use illegal drugs, but Black Americans are incarcerated for drug offenses 10 times more.

- In 2012, a Black American was killed by police and security forces at least once every 28 hours. According to another report, "black teens were 21 times more likely to be shot dead [by police] than their white counterparts."

The problem is not just that a *de facto* police state is ready to descend on Black people at any time, but also, more broadly, that the entire population of African Americans is perceived by the broader society (1) as a potential threat and (2) as unworthy of being listened to when we protest through legal, institutional, or other means. This problem must be viewed as a systemic one, not just an individual or institutional one, and it must be addressed on

study of actual criminal cases, the authors show that news articles written about Blacks who are convicted of capital crimes are more likely to contain ape-relevant language than news articles written about white convicts. Moreover, those who are implicitly portrayed as more apelike in these articles are more likely to be executed by the state than those who are not." This finding agrees with the earlier work of Stanford literature professor Sylvia Wynter, who found that police in Los Angeles in the 1980s and early 1990s commonly used the incident code "NHI" — meaning "no humans involved" — for incidents involving African Americans. While many people acknowledge this police code to have been racist, the

a cell phone or a gun, compared with a white male in the same position. These studies might explain why plainclothes police shot unarmed immigrant Amadou Diallo after he reached for his wallet, presumably thinking the officers wanted to see his identification or were trying to rob him.

Still other studies have shown that a stereotypically-named hypothetical Black defendant will receive a higher rate of conviction and harsher degree of punishment for the same crime than will a stereotypically-named hypothetical white defendant, even when identical evidence is presented.

A hypothetical job applicant with an African-

problems of structural power. Keith Lawrence and Terry Keleher's 2004 essay "Structural Racism" is helpful on this count:

"Structural Racism encompasses the entire system of white supremacy, diffused and infused in all aspects of society, including our history, culture, politics, economics and our entire social fabric. Structural Racism is the most profound and pervasive form of racism — all other forms of racism (e.g. institutional, interpersonal, internalized, etc.) emerge from structural racism..."

The key indicators of structural racism are inequalities in power, access, opportunities, treatment, and policy impacts and outcomes,



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America needs Black lives to not matter. Due to centuries of negative images and stereotypes about Africans and racial blackness, in the collective psyches of the United States, throughout the Americas, and across the world blackness means, as Fanon said, "the lower emotions, the baser inclinations, the dark side of the soul." A field of study within cognitive psychology known as implicit cognition (or implicit bias) finds quantifiable evidence of what Black people have been knowing for better than 1,000 years (had anyone with power bothered to listen): that **deeply rooted negative attitudes toward people of African descent are held widely across the American population, even among**

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Stanford quantitative study shows that even people who don't think themselves racist have the same thoughts.

Other studies show that **children of African descent are believed to be older**, more mature, and less innocent than their white counterparts are, something that might explain why teachers suspend African American preschoolers at triple the rate of white preschoolers and why police and prosecutors are more likely to charge African American youths with harsher crimes or in adult court than they are in cases

A hypothetical job applicant with an African-

American-sounding name is less likely to receive further consideration when a hypothetical job applicant with a white-sounding name is granted further consideration, even when both have the exact same resume except for the name at the top. An applicant for housing or mortgage will be similarly screened based on assumptions about whether they are Black or not, thereby shaping geographic segregation patterns.

African-American employees are more likely to be evaluated poorly by employers than are white employees.

Black NFL players are required to return from injury sooner than their white counterparts with the same injury. Other studies show that

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whether they are intentional or not. Structural racism is more difficult to locate in a particular institution because it involves the reinforcing effects of multiple institutions and cultural norms, past and present, continually producing new, and re-producing old forms of racism."

The problem of Black life mattering extends to unconscious levels of thinking and is not only deeply rooted, but also widely diffused and reinforced through multiple networks of power. It is therefore quite challenging to uproot without a massive change in the social structure that abolishes the ways that both personal and institutional practice, as well as individual and social frames of meaning, are tethered to the genocidal slave empire of the modern world, the United States. If we only

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Regardless of whether one stands on the side of addressing the problem, like the founders of #BLM, describing the problem, like researchers at Stanford, or even denying the problem or defending police murders of Black people, the central problem is not a swirling morass of practices to be altered. It is a structure. These problems of anti-black racism are not simply problems of individual or institutional practice or prejudice because they are repeated across widely disparate individuals and institutions with the same independent results. The psyche of anti-black racism is not individual or institutional. Both the psyche and the institution are networked together as part of one dynamic, fluid, and massive structure. The psyche, like the institution, is a structure. The problems of Black life mattering are hence fundamentally

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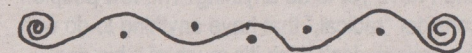
Because the nature of racism is not just prejudice but also the power to enforce those prejudices, these problems cannot be addressed individually, by punishing or educating those who commit violence against Black people without justification.

those who claim to be non racist, even when other possible causes for these attitudes (like socioeconomic class or education level) are taken into consideration—and these attitudes tend to **increase people's willingness to use violence** (interpersonal, institutional, or state) and **punishment against Black people.**

One recent quantitative study from Stanford, titled "Not Yet Human," shows that **people of African descent are commonly associated with apes** at an unconscious level of mental processing. According to the study: *"this Black-ape association alters visual perception and attention, and it increases endorsement of violence against Black suspects. In an archival*

involving non Black youths. It might also explain why 12-year-old youth Tamir Rice was shot dead by police at a playground in Cleveland, Ohio, while holding a toy gun, whereas white youths are free to regularly play with toy guns in their neighborhoods.

Another set of studies ("shooter bias" studies) shows that Black males holding cell phones are, on quick glance, believed to be holding guns, while white males are believed to be holding cell phones. These studies also found that people would be **quicker to shoot and slower to holster their weapons when faced with a Black male** who might be holding



Slingshot Free stuff

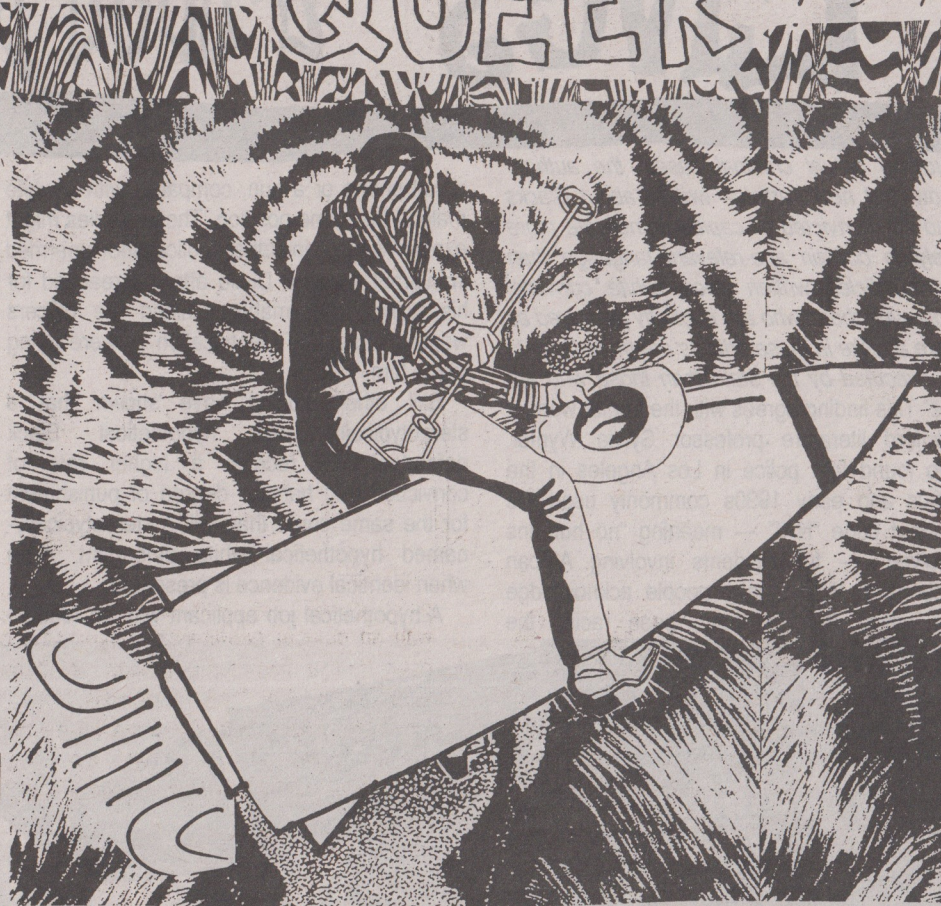
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THERE IS **NO** HETEROSEXUAL QUEER

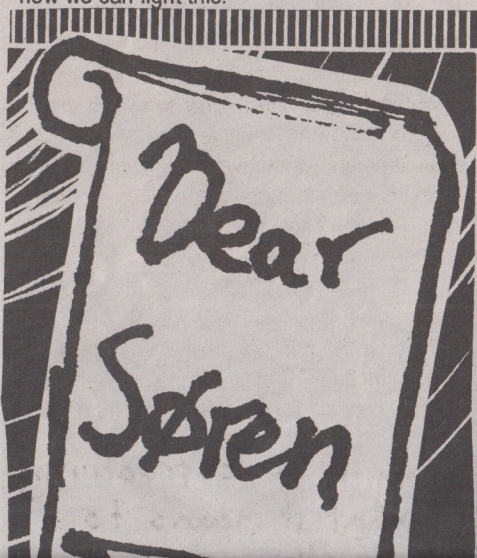
by joey and finn



We are two non-heterosexual queers, and we feel compelled to reply to Otto Destruct's essay *Who is the Heterosexual Queer* in issue #117 of *Slingshot*, in which a straight man argues for the existence of a universal queerness based not on sexual attraction, but on...well, we're not entirely sure. We think Otto is a well-meaning guy who is genuinely, existentially, trying to not be an asshole and to redeem his historically laden masculinity. That matters a lot, and, as he says, there's "a lot of work to be done toward liberation." But he has chosen the wrong toolset for the project, marshalling a misunderstood reduction of queer theory and gay history to do the work. To describe "the heart of queer theory" as the banal liberal claim that "all identities are legitimate" is not only to insert an anachronistic layer of identity speak, but to remove queer theory from politics altogether. No one needed queer theory to tell them that it was okay to be straight; in fact, queer theory might unsettle that notion. We do need queer theory to tell us how heterosexism colludes with the State and how we can fight this.



Either because of or despite (we can't tell) the guilt Otto thinks he's supposed to feel about being het, Otto does seem to be holding himself accountable: he describes "plac[ing] others' emotional experiences in the fore," "valorizing communication," and "admitt[ing] he's wrong" as proof of a queered -- redeemed -- heterosexuality. And while we do think the world needs more empathy, communication, and humility, these traits do not make him feminine or queer. Again, Otto seems to have identified the wrong set of tools for his project; what he's doing is less about gender or sexuality than it is about not being an asshole. (We're looking forward to a gender abolitionist project that severs accountability from gender altogether.) "Is it such a contradiction," he asks polemically, "that I should display these [ostensibly feminine traits] too?" Of course not, nor, despite what Otto thinks, is it a contradiction for a masculine guy to wear a leather jacket.



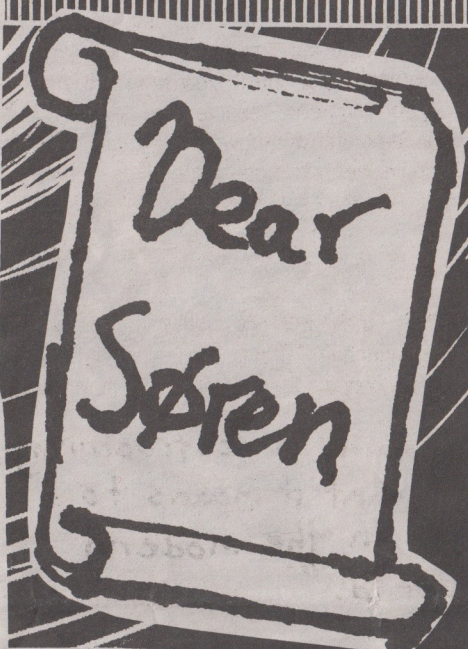
While we'd argue that queer theory challenges the idea of a consistent sexual self, Otto crafts a narrative of sexual self-realization in which queer theory imbues us with the "right and responsibility to be honest with ourselves" about our "true" sexual identities. Otto asserts that, thanks to queer theory, "we are all queer now", inviting us to question what happens when the presumed universal queer discovers their heterosexuality. Such a contrived experience does not reflect that of the vast majority of straight people. The assumption that "we are all queer now" is post-

somehow makes us all queer is no less absurd than to claim that the existence of critical race theory makes us all people of color.

Otto's complaint that "some parts of our scene use words like 'cis' as derogatory terms" is in some cases valid, but we think he's missing the point. He seems to assume that we choose to participate in systemic oppression, or at least that it's unfair for someone to be associated with oppression just because of the reality of their body. However, inherent in systemic oppression is that it is not a "fair" system, and that we do not choose our roles in it. The common idea that the politics of

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Dear Søren,

A while ago I moved to a small town in an effort to explore the possibilities of anarchist organizing in smaller-scale, rural communities. One of the projects I have been working on is a bike kitchen, a place to access tools, bike parts, and help to get or fix a bike. The vast majority of the parts we get are pulled from the dump, which they kindly let us do for free. It's a great resource, but the variety and quality of stuff can be lacking at times.



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One of the major pitfalls of anarchist or collective organizing that I have seen is over thinking and over processing. Often, when we try to recreate how we live, work and interact, we find ourselves second guessing and triple checking ourselves or one another. This questioning is an important part of the anarchist project, but not when it gets in the way of getting shit done.

This sounds like a wonderful endeavor and having access to free bikes that you can save

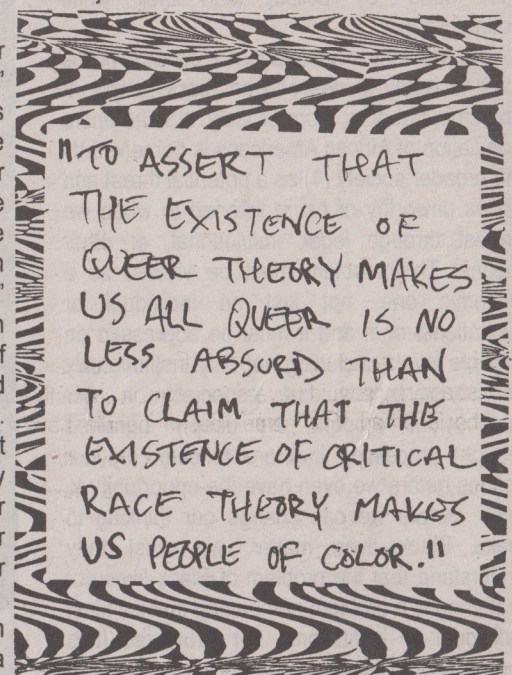
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Otto blames this supposed anti-het-ism on the "orthodoxy of glitter", the pressure to be a certain type of queer that serves as a prelude to an imagined anti-heterosexual genocide. We acknowledge that within queer circles there are norms of presentation (though we think the dominant mode at the moment is masc-of-center, not glamarchist), but find the notion of some conspiracy to exterminate heterosexuals laughable. More to the point, the "orthodoxy of glitter" is anything but "a way for people to avoid thinking about their heterosexuality and whatever privilege that might entail." In a society that takes heterosexuality for granted, het folk are already off the thinking-about-privilege hook.

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Otto's problem is a conflation of sexuality and gender, because the leather jacket was and is a trope of masculinity. The men who wore it from Folsom Street to Christopher Street back in the 70s weren't marking themselves as feminine; they were appropriating the style of oppressive, straight masculine culture (cops included) to betray their [masculine] gayness. Otto's essay turns this on its head without even acknowledging it: gays on Castro ironically appropriated the costume of straight men to underline their queerness, while Otto, inversely, rides on this appropriation, wearing the contemporary style of queerness to announce his heterosexuality. But the move doesn't work, and Otto ends up, as one Slingshot commentator who was active in ACT UP wrote, "misrepresenting himself."

Furthermore, when Otto notes that he doesn't need to be gay to use this supposed

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Every year in a nearby town they auction off all the abandoned bikes removed by the Marshal's Department, and donate the money to scholarships for local students. A few of us went and checked it out. I asked around about where all the bikes that were not worth selling went. Before I knew it there was a cop in front of me giving me his card and telling me that they throw them away and we were welcome to grab as many as we want whenever they are around. I felt a little bit dirty in that moment holding that card. That was a few months ago and I have yet to do anything. The few people I consider "radical," that have anything to do with the project, don't think it's much of a big deal.

Is it on par with dumpstering food from a fucked up corporation? Or is it collaboration with the state, punishable by death? Would it have been okay if we had risked taking them without asking? But now that we have permission, it's wrong?

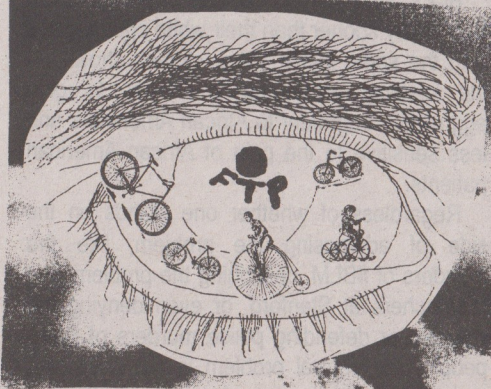
Sincerely, Cyclist Going in Circles

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This sounds like a wonderful endeavor and having access to free bikes that you can save



from the landfill is nothing to spurn. I can understand feeling uncomfortable and disgusted interacting with the cops, but you don't have to shake their hands gushing "Gee thanks, Mr. Officer Sir!" Yes, you are encountering the enemy, but we encounter the enemy every day. You are not aiding them by taking their garbage and turning it into something useful. You are aiding everybody in your area who needs a bike. I see no difference between taking it without asking or taking it with permission, except that "theft" will bring

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Another thing that I can't help but address is how you've mentioned that collaboration with the state is punishable by death. I hope you're joking!

You said that you've been mulling this over for a few months now and nobody else in your circle of affinity has raised any objections to getting the bikes via the Marshal. I think you should go ahead and get moving before the bikes get thrown away. If it still doesn't sit well with you once you clean, fix up and finish the bikes or any usable pieces, why not discreetly stencil or engrave FTP on them? Sometimes we can get playful instead of just getting uncomfortable.

You are doing important work. Don't let having to brush a cold shoulder with the state stop you.

Love, Søren

RACE THEORY MAKES
US PEOPLE OF COLOR."

Otto's problem is a conflation of sexuality and gender, because the leather jacket was and is a trope of masculinity. The men who wore it from Folsom Street to Christopher Street back in the 70s weren't marking themselves as feminine; they were appropriating the style of oppressive, straight masculine culture (cops included) to betray their [masculine] gayness. Otto's essay turns this on its head without even acknowledging it: gays on Castro ironically appropriated the costume of straight men to underline their queerness, while Otto, inversely, rides on this appropriation, wearing the contemporary style of queerness to announce his heterosexuality. But the move doesn't work, and Otto ends up, as one Slingshot commentator who was active in ACT UP wrote, "misrepresenting himself."

Furthermore, when Otto notes that he doesn't need to be gay to use this supposed "backdoor to masculinity", he's free-riding on something that those gays in the Village and elsewhere fought and died to create. As a trapping of "traditional masculinity", Otto takes his leather jacket as his privilege, devoid of the personal experience of injury and exclusion that often comes with being queer.

In other words, the leather jacket is not Otto's "backdoor to masculinity"; it's his masculinity superhighway. Gay leather daddies of the 70s weren't novel because their clothes were masculine, betraying an internal femininity, though surely some were self-identified pansies -- they provoked a "crisis of representation," to quote AIDS writer Leo Bersani, because their coats were markers of heterosexuality. The author's self-presentation, on the other hand, of a straight guy dressed as a... straight guy, is not a "lie that tells the truth" (as he would have it), but a truism that tells itself.

A WAY OUTTA NO WAY

by Robbin
Will's Alms

I had the germ of the idea to write this while walking back home on Genoa St. in Oakland. Lost in a dream I was brought back to the world as I spied an American melodrama taking place a few feet from my path. What looked to be a father and son stood on their sunny suburban yard with dormant gardening equipment standing idle. There seemed to be an unspoken tension between the two. I imagined the dad interrupted the kid's play time with the mundanity of grooming the yard. As I passed them my mind drifted to my own adolescent days that were filled with productive activities and chores designed by my parents. Often the motivating factor was to give me a taste of the adult world, and get me a little bit of spending money. I played back this 5 second window into someone else's reality and how it measured to my own experience until I struck dirt on a modern phenomenon. What I witnessed is the indoctrination of exchanging labor for money. I dreamed of writing zines, or songs or movies that would expose this ritual. To unveil the person to person practice of learning collective suicide. People weaning people onto capitalism.

But as I later played back this scene in my head and tried to mustard some workable metaphor for later generations I realized a vital factor missing in the critique of capitalism; the role of government in getting a cut of the fruit of one's labor. For the lesson of father and son



when we were given the moves by 3 kids – barely 5 years old it seemed. The boy asked us if we wanted to buy anything in the box that they were holding. Someone in our party busted up laughing and pointed out that their box still had "Free" written on it. It made me laugh for quite a few days. But my own laughter was over shadowed by the worries of raising money to give to some stranger at the end of the month.



-TAKE THE UNDER THE TABLE ROUTE TO WORK

lives of the people who push around large shopping carts under all kinds of conditions. Their spirit and intelligence impresses me.

My most lucrative experience in the underground economy was in selling trinkets outside of big events. Distributing beads, flashing lights and political buttons gave me the most to be excited about making money under the table. Often I would be on the fringes of large gatherings and the people-watching offered its own rewards. I also came to see how much people want to throw away money once they have it.

It was while doing unpermitted vending all day for an ethnic holiday that I saw my coworker talk shop with a food vendor who was working the corner with me. I would've have thought the guy selling hot snacks was totally legitimate and it blew my mind that he was surviving on a reserve of audacity. As the two old timers went down a list of celebrations to come that had promising crowds that I start to see more closely how savvy people learned to live free within the system.

I am reminded to not write a piece that ponders on mere survival under this stupid social and political order. Imagine a restructuring of what it means to live in the modern world. To somehow get humans to

merchandise. The sidewalks have sprouted with an outdoor permit-less market. One can even find a impromptu market of Chinese elders selling their food bank goods. None of it looks pretty appetizing. Even the large number of lemonade stands gives me pause, "Everyone must be trying to squeeze a fuckin' dollar."

But the most common route these days of making an independent living is in using technology, and it has appeared to hit a wall. In the past two years ride shares & AirB&Bs blew up in this country and across the planet. It is a way that people can offer up their existing resources like a room in their house or a seat in their car. It does seem like an inventive way to link two people in need. This internet fad replaces people actually sharing these resources without charge – inverting the radical act of making everything for free. With this cyber-capitalist worldview everything is available to be sold. And with each exchange someone you don't know gets a piece. The

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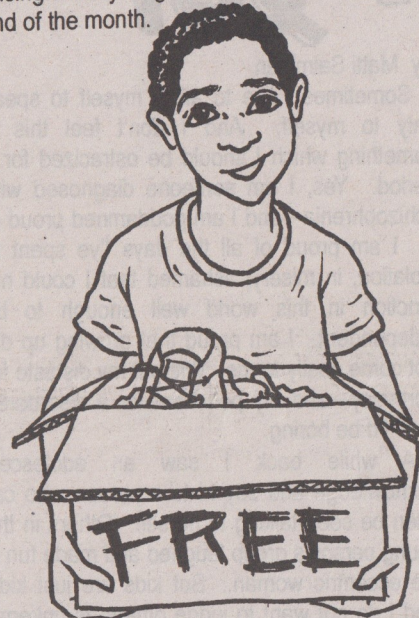
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But as I later played back this scene in my head and tried to mustard some workable metaphor for later generations I realized a vital factor missing in the critique of capitalism; the role of government in getting a cut of the fruit of one's labor. For the lesson of father and son engaging in the labor exchange for money to be complete, they needed me, a complete stranger. I should have been given a cut of the boy's bread. For some reason people have grown used to seeing the money leave their hands as soon as they get it and never question who handles it and what foul purposes come of it. Witnessing the last ten years where the government uses our resources to expand war culture and police abuse accounts for the dubious ends of paying taxes. To top it with banks scamming people

out of their homes, crashing and getting bailed out reveals the entrenched economic divide we live under. Rejection of this reality was a major factor that drove me to the counter culture and free spaces.

I was walking through the same neighborhood with friends to a coffee shop

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These past few years as the United States pretends to rise out of the recession, all around me I've seen the human ingenuity to make money. The most impressive to me are the ways people figure out a way to raise money under the table. The number of garage sales have spiked everywhere. Some of them, such as those in the Mission District of San Francisco, don't even have garages behind the

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But as the landscape we inhabit continues to transform into a corporate prison, each sign that rules are being broken revitalizes the air between us. Witness bold teenagers dancing for \$ on the local subway trains. A small boom box and several amazing dance moves fill the space between stops. An injection of life comes to the other riders and their money is well placed. There doesn't seem to be many people who dislike these little shows. And the presence of performance art in public means

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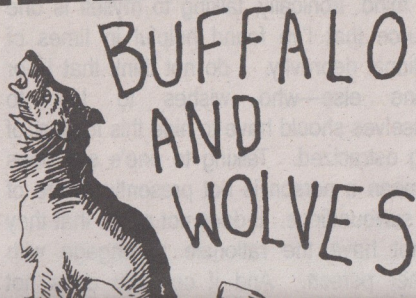
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I got my first taste of an underground economy by selling zines or other things we make at punk rock shows. Often it was encouraged to charge just above the price it took to make them. The tradition of having "merch tables" gave me a window into independent ways of exchanging resources as a teenager. It was here I got my start in living the fantasy of not having a job and making it work. The underground spoiled me for later years, as I had ultimately to negotiate with the



wolves, does not use non-lethal management, which haven't been proven to work, but with USDA Wildlife Services, kills wolves for wolf/livestock conflicts, not only killing individual wolves, but removing full packs, as well as killing pups, known as "denning", with taxpayer money, for the benefit of the already publicly subsidized livestock industry. Besides all these attacks on wolves, there are cruel and

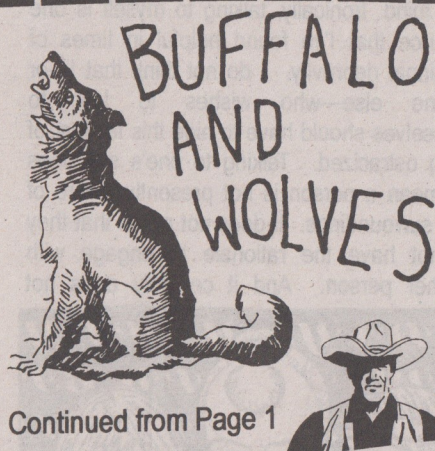
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Continued from Page 1

Montana, the fourth largest state, with approximately two and one half million cattle, and over half a million sheep, 34 cows, 9 sheep, 1 miniature horse, and 1 dog have been confirmed killed by wolves. Prior to the 1995 Wolf reintroduction, there were 89,000 elk, and yet even with wolves, 2013 elk counts reached 145,000.

Yet despite these small depredation numbers and increased elk numbers, the state of Montana has a 6 month wolf hunting season, and allows trapping with no quotas on how many wolves can be killed. Each hunter can purchase 5 hunting license tags, landowners can shoot up to 100 additional wolves if they are perceived a threat (Total landowners, not each landowner). Montana Fish Wildlife And Parks, the Agency that is supposed to manage

wolves, does not use non-lethal management, which haven't been proven to work, but with USDA Wildlife Services, kills wolves for wolf/livestock conflicts, not only killing individual wolves, but removing full packs, as well as killing pups, known as "denning", with taxpayer money, for the benefit of the already publicly subsidized livestock industry. Besides all these attacks on wolves, there are cruel and illegal killings by wolf haters such as shooting them in the gut and spine intentionally to cause the most pain. Wyoming and Great Lakes wolves have recently been returned to ESA protections due to their agencies' mismanagement, and Montana, as well as the worst of all the wolf states, Idaho, need to have their wolves returned to Federal ESA protection to stop this carnage.

The Bison and the wolf have been proven to have tremendous benefits to their habitats, and to the other wildlife that live there, bringing health and balance to these ecosystems, so we must all fight to protect them. People that love wildlands, wilderness, and wildlife need to move to these states to bring our love and voice, and to balance out the haters, to save these sacred animals from suffering and extinction, and save these sacred places for perpetuity.

Come out here and make a difference. For more information on how to help and to how to volunteer, email bfc@wildrockies.org.

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Sometimes a panhandler will work the subway cars. I once heard a train's driver scold a woman for doing so over the intercom. I really desired to call the driver back on their speaker with a "Fuck You". But my demeanor is tainted from the Bay Area's long history of sympathizing with homeless people. The hypocrisy of judging and limiting how people make money while doing nothing to help them attain vital resources irks me. I have seen conservative newspapers demonize people who recycle cans and bottles. They had the audacity to call it stealing.

People who think that work is accessible to everyone is wrong. Elderly people or people with disabilities can't get work. People are discriminated from getting hired based on race. There are people who have pride in what they do and can't lower themselves to do the shit work that is available. And people out of prison especially have limited job opportunities while at the same time being stigmatized for not "fitting in." Often announcements of declining unemployment rates fail to mention that people who stop looking for work are not counted as 'unemployed.'

For about a year I tried collecting cans and saw it was populated by people I just listed who are denied jobs. I found it paid poorly. I mostly was rewarded by being able to see the

rethink what labor is and what is worth having and doing in this world. That strip malls are better off being deconstructed and turned into open space – or if you'd prefer, food production. Both are probably needed. Both ways of reordering our reality think of the child in the future someday becoming intimate with the land once again. Knowing the names and uses of plants, animals, creeks, hills and ecosystems. It seems government has accomplished one thing pretty well: getting the populace dependent on having a middle-man provide our survival needs. Housing, food, community and life in general will be better off in the hands the people who use it.

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Fifty years ago when everywhere seemed to be in an explosive meltdown mode there existed a weekly paper called the Berkeley Barb. It did a lot to create the many radical things the town is known for (hippies, radical politics, multicultural, perversion). Part of the machine of the Barb one can observe was how it recruited hard up people to sell the paper on the street and reap meager profits. The Slingshot is like a diminished and shoddy shadow of what the Barb was like during the height of it's powers. Lately I see a guy on Telegraph Ave selling Slingshot newspapers to the throngs of people flowing up and down the Ave. Our paper is free, and I'm not sure what other people in the collective feel about this but it has a ironic charm to me. People finding a way out of no way.

Join the CatBloc!

by a cat

After seeing several friends get subpoenaed for being photographed during a protest, I became too frightened to go to protests. For over a year starting in 2013, my anxiety over getting photographed and ending up in court was just too high to consider joining in.

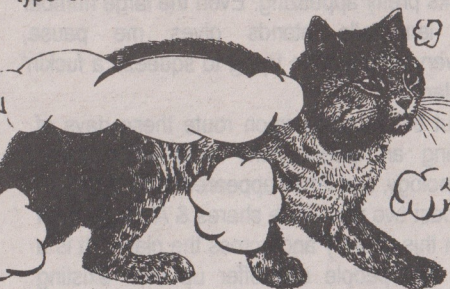
Additionally, the traditional modes of hiding one's face behind a ski mask or Guy Fawkes mask did not appeal to me. I just don't want to be running around in a charged situation wearing a scary mask. For example, during J28 (the police siege of Oakland that occurred on January 28th, 2012), I was wearing a gas mask to protect my lungs, and I recall people backing away from me in fear, even friends, until I took the scary mask off.

Last October, I found a different strategy: the Cat Bloc strategy. It's about being cute and unrecognizable at the same time. The trick is to cover your whole face, and to obscure major lines of your nose, cheekbones, and forehead. Additionally, you'll want to hide your ears and the shape of your head with a cat-ear wig.

Since then, I've attended over a dozen marches and demos—on topics ranging from climate change to tuition hikes to racism and police violence—dressed as a cat. My

were arrested with me. One of them agreed that being at a protest in "Priest Drag" (as he called it) changed the way people treated him, which in turn changed the way he treated others. Another priest agreed, and explained that wearing her priestly collar helped people identify her as someone who was there to help. This is similar to protest medics as well.

Later that day, while carpooling home from jail, I spoke with a young white man who had been attending #BlackLivesMatter protests using the BlacBloc tactic of hiding his identity with a ski mask. "The mask definitely changed the way I'd act," he explained, and said that as the protest wore on, he found himself acting more and more pushy. He even started using cartoonishly aggro "pro-wrestler voice," and at one point, he actually pulled a megaphone out of a black man's hand and took over directing the march. The combination of a hidden identity and a scary mask had led this man towards a type of machoism that he was later ashamed



experience has been largely positive.

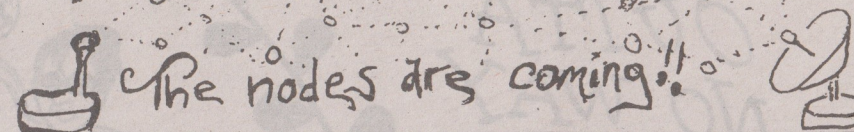
The thing about being dressed as a cat is people generally are excited to see cats. I get lots of hugs and high-fives. At worst, teenagers might back away due to the uncoolness factor. But I wasn't scaring anyone, at least. And even close friends didn't recognize me until they heard my voice!

While dressed as a cat, I found that my

of.

I remember the way people cowered away from me while I wore the gas mask on J28. Seeing others physically cower away from you feels weird. Try it with a friend some time. Isn't that weird? Perhaps for some people, seeing others cower brings out their inner bully. This might explain some of the odd behavior I've seen from police officers, such as suddenly

THE MESH SPRING



By SudoMesh

The Internet can put the world's knowledge at the fingertips of a young student. It can provide access to tools for community building. It can give a voice to those who have been politically marginalized. But for many of Oakland's citizens, access to the internet is still a luxury.

Luckily, Oakland's Sudomesh group is working to bring free and open internet access to all of Oakland's citizens through the People's Open Network. The Sudomesh group is a volunteer organization that is building out a free, open, decentralized wireless internet network using technology known as "wireless mesh networking." The mesh network relies on a series of wireless antennas spread throughout Oakland. Internet traffic is able to hop from node to node and automatically route traffic around slower nodes or holes in the network. The main advantage of this decentralized system is that it allows communities to provide free internet access

without having to rely on monopoly internet service providers like Comcast or AT&T. Mesh network systems are also extremely fault-tolerant; in the event of a natural disaster it is possible for the mesh network to continue to provide internet and communications to Oakland's residents even if the main internet providers go down.

For the past few years the group has been hard at work coding and testing a small-scale test network. Now the group is ready to expand out the network to all of Oakland. Every Sunday the group gets together to mount new wireless "nodes" on homes and businesses throughout Oakland. Thanks to generous donations of money, equipment and time, Oakland's free mesh internet is expanding quickly. Each weekend brings the group closer to the goal of providing free, open internet to all of Oakland. For donations, to volunteer time or to join the People's Open Network, visit peoplesopen.net.

Let Me Speak

By Matti Salminen

Sometimes I like to allow myself to speak only to myself. And I don't feel this is something which I should be ostracized for... period. Yes, I am someone diagnosed with schizophrenia—and I am goddamned proud of it. I am proud of all the days I've spent in isolation, in misery, ashamed that I could not

any more than I like to be judged so myself. However, I would like to be as unashamed of *my madness* as the person whom those kids were ridiculing.

Social difference runs deep in the fabric of my character. It goes back to the first and second grade. Throughout my childhood and adolescence I was not unpopular, but very

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Last October, I found a different strategy: the Cat Bloc strategy. It's about being cute and unrecognizable at the same time. The trick is to cover your whole face, and to obscure major lines of your nose, cheekbones, and forehead. Additionally, you'll want to hide your ears and the shape of your head with a cat-ear wig.

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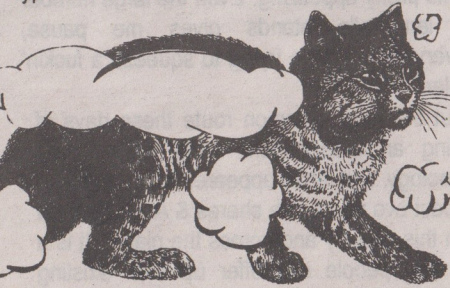
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While dressed as a cat, I found that my behavior changed over the course of each event. In the beginning of a protest, I'd show up, not knowing what to do, but I found that as the event went on and people kept giving me smiles and positive feedback, I wanted to be more helpful. That's how I usually found myself directing traffic, standing over potholes to warn people not to trip, etc.

After walking out of jail post-protest last November, I had a conversation with some folks from the Graduate Theological Union who

cartoonishly aggro "pro-wrestler voice," and at one point, he actually pulled a megaphone out of a black man's hand and took over directing the march. The combination of a hidden identity and a scary mask had led this man towards a type of machoism that he was later ashamed



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I remember the way people cowered away from me while I wore the gas mask on J28. Seeing others physically cower away from you feels weird. Try it with a friend some time. Isn't that weird? Perhaps for some people, seeing others cower brings out their inner bully. This might explain some of the odd behavior I've seen from police officers, such as suddenly pinning people down and beating them without restraint or reason.

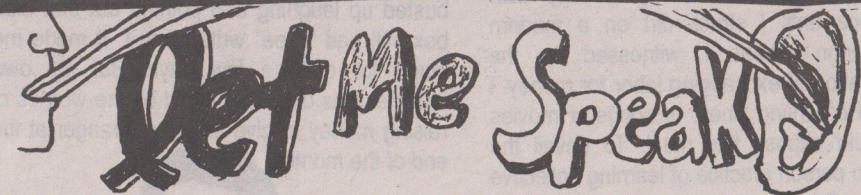
What would happen if police were forced to wear bunny ears? Or dorky sweaters? Perhaps if their clothing made people smile, it would help them remember their own humanness.

I hope we will soon live in a world without police.

Meanwhile, if, like me, you are anxious about being photographed at a protest, consider the CatBloc!

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A while back I saw an adolescent acknowledge and say hi to a person who can often be seen talking to herself. Others in this young person's group laughed and made fun of the eccentric woman. But kids are just kids. And I do not want to judge others as unkempt

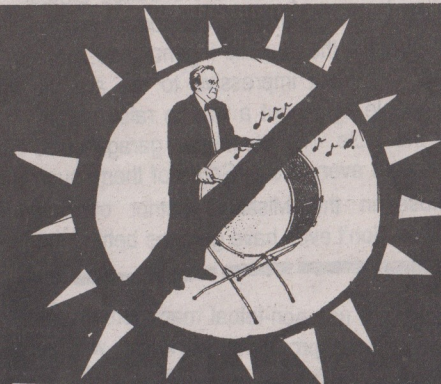
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Social difference runs deep in the fabric of my character. It goes back to the first and second grade. Throughout my childhood and adolescence I was not unpopular, but very fringe. Then in my adulthood I was hard working; but maybe too broadminded to fit into the nine to five routine. Then, at the age of 22, I decided to abstain from sexual intercourse for an entire four years. The intention was to do a spiritual cleanse with which to find fertile soil deep in the recesses of my mind. My desired outcome was to develop my own code of ethics. But in that time of exile I slipped into madness. Where I intended to find a root to my existence, I found a portal. This portal—once I entered it—led to the exact state of consciousness I hoped for when I set out to abstain. I have created a philosophy of learning that is my code of ethics. But because this journey to the "fertile soul" led to suicide attempts and incarcerations—I'm crazy.

Living in exile you learn to find resources in your psyche to cope with the fear of losing your mind. Ironically, talking to myself is one resource that I've found helpful in times of emotional depravity. I do not think that I—or anyone else—who wishes to talk to themselves should have to hide this for fear of being ostracized. Talking to one's self does not mean a person is not presently aware of their surroundings. It does not mean that they do not have the rationale to engage with another person. And it certainly does not

Ché Café

notes from a San Diego venue/infoshop



culture holdout Cloyne Court was evicted and sterilized last year. The Ché's future is still up in the air.

In addition to petition drives and student organizing at UCSD, members of the performing arts community have called a

When you visit the Ché Café, a collectively operated all-ages show space and café on the University of California San Diego campus, the first thing you see are colorful, slightly messy murals covering a low tattered wood building—nothing sterile, professional, expensive or

Not
fucking
bro!

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Living in exile you learn to find resources in your psyche to cope with the fear of losing your mind. Ironically, talking to myself is one resource that I've found helpful in times of emotional depravity. I do not think that I—or anyone else—who wishes to talk to themselves should have to hide this for fear of being ostracized. Talking to one's self does not mean a person is not presently aware of their surroundings. It does not mean that they do not have the rationale to engage with another person. And it certainly does not

Ché Café

notes from a San Diego venue/infoshop

Not
one fuckin'
note-bro!



When you visit the Ché Café, a collectively operated all-ages show space and café on the University of California San Diego campus, the first thing you see are colorful, slightly messy murals covering a low tattered wood building—nothing sterile, professional, expensive or polished in sight, but rather an obviously do-it-yourself space run by volunteers because they love what they're doing. It's a stark contrast to the soulless mediocrity everywhere else in the world churned out by armies of employees who hate their jobs. Perhaps this explains why the University of California is so bent on destroying the Ché: they want to make sure no one sees examples of alternatives to the dominant structures.

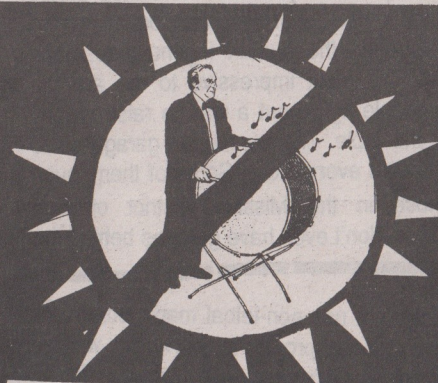
After years of pressure, the University won an eviction lawsuit in November, but while the case is on appeal the Ché Café is still going—and the struggle against the university's attempts to snuff out counter-cultural landmarks continues. Ché Café has hosted hundreds of punk and alternative music shows over 35 years, including big names and unknown acts alike. At UC Davis, the university administration tried to destroy the iconic Domes housing cooperative, but was forced to back down. At UC Berkeley, counter-

culture holdout Cloyne Court was evicted and sterilized last year. The Ché's future is still up in the air.

In addition to petition drives and student organizing at UCSD, members of the performing arts community have called a boycott of all artistic engagements on the UC San Diego campus to save the Ché. The boycott letter demands:

1. Stop all attacks on the Ché Café and reverse its eviction efforts.
2. Refrain from enforcing a lockout of the Ché Café and refrain from using any form of violence, force, law enforcement, or other drastic and coercive tactics against members of the Ché Café Collective and its supporters.
3. Work alongside representatives of the student body to recognize the Ché Café for the historical landmark and unique creative venue that it is.
4. Restore funding to the Ché Café and allow students and supporters to fulfill a dynamic and creative vision for the use of the space.

If you want to help the Ché, you can contact university and state officials, or donate money. An attack on one of us is an attack on all of us. Contact thechecafe.blogspot.com.



mean they deserve to be treated as though they were on trial.

Any and all eccentricities can be contorted into perceived "mental illness." For proof only look to see how much money the psychopharmaceutical industry is raking in. And at how the rate of diagnosed mental illness has risen in developed nations. All of us should feel as though we have a right to the mind-states we choose...or...do not choose. No one should have the power to say that my differences make me less employable or otherwise fit for society. Mad Pride is a movement for all people to be able to be themselves freely.

Shannon Williams (1966-2015)

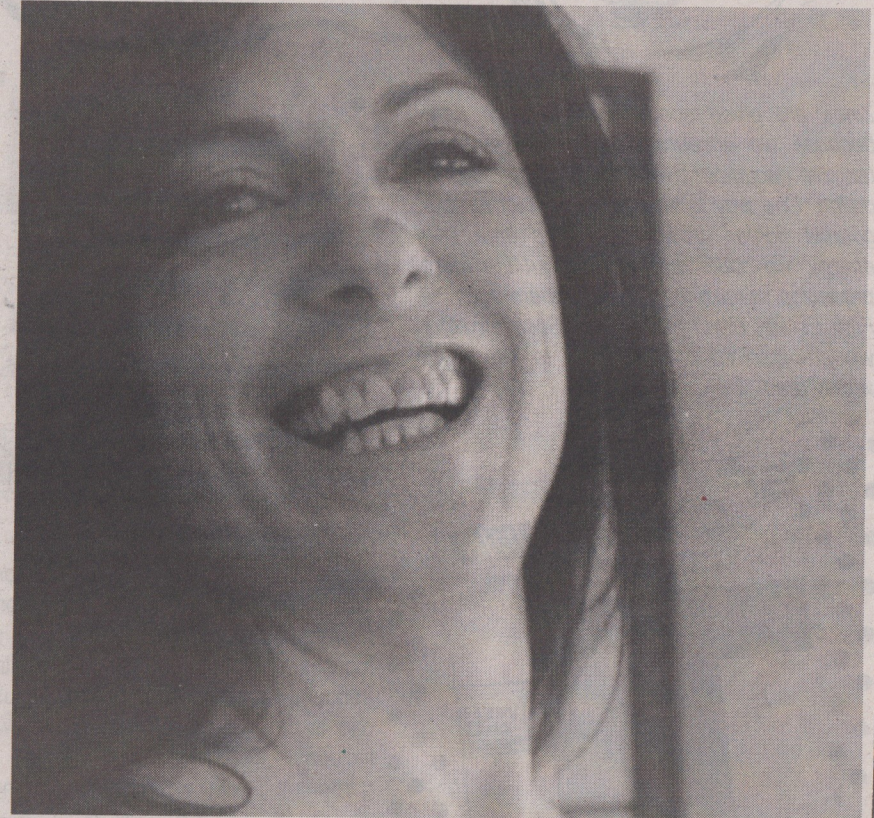
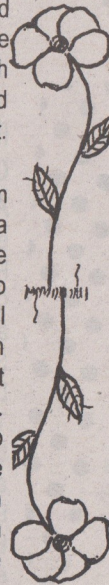
By Gerrard Winstanley

On January 20th, Shannon Williams, a great friend, a great mom, a sex worker, and a passionate and articulate advocate for sex workers' rights, died of brain cancer. She was 48 years old. The illness was sudden and a large community of family, friends and comrades have been in shock and have been grieving for her. Lots of us in the Bay Area knew Shannon or would recognize her. We marched on the street with her, tangled with cops together, played with her sons, talked about anarchism, or teaching, or fucking, or cool science. We made s'mores with her around a campfire or swam naked in rivers together. The really lucky ones got to love her and be loved back. Shannon was a total knockout.

At two memorials for her, Shannon was remembered by family and friends for her openness and warmth, her wit and her

bravery. Shannon was a person you wanted to get to know. She was a really grounded person but also adventurous and idealist. She didn't hide her emotions and pretty much always told you how it was. She was a good talker and didn't shy from an argument. (Unless it was stupid, and she'd tell you so.)

Shannon sometimes called herself an anarchist. I think her anarchism, like Emma Goldman's, was based in an aggressive optimism about people and their ability to change or to just roll with something good. I'll never forget how unfazed she would be when her then two-year old son would do things that would cause lots of other parents to freak out. Once at a restaurant, I saw little Gabriel go up to another table and take food from someone else's plate. When I pointed it out, Shannon said "It's fine, they're adults, right? They can handle it." And she was right. Like his mom, the



Freedom Machines



Against Bike Helmet Laws

kid knew how to make friends. At the time of her death, Shannon was also doing a beautiful job raising two other boys, aged 7 and 9.

Shannon's advocacy for sex workers really picked up steam after her bust for prostitution in Oakland in 2003. At the time, Shannon was a public school teacher in Berkeley, and the right-wing discourse that blamed "bad teachers" for everything from poverty to violent crime was gaining momentum. After the press picked up on the "prostitute teacher" story, Shannon fought to get her teaching job back and asserted that consensual sexual acts

spend more time on advocacy. Aside from counseling other sex workers at Saint James Infirmary, Shannon worked politically to decriminalize prostitution and combat the agenda that equated sex work with human trafficking. She helped get the city of SF to stop the cops from the absurd and abusive practice of using the possession of condoms as evidence for prostitution. When she died, she was working on a campaign to gain immunity from prosecution for sex workers who report a violent crime against themselves

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Freedom Machines



Against Bike Helmet Laws



Never speak to motorists who look suspicious or offer you candy. Stop for red lights if you feel like it.

By Jesse D. Palmer

Let's hope that a proposed law that would require adult bicyclists in California to wear helmets will be defeated – not just because it won't save lives and will limit the expansion of bicycling, but because the government should keep its filthy hands off of our beautiful, liberatory bicycles. California State Senate Bill 192, introduced in February by Sen. Carol Liu, would make California the first US state to require adults to wear bike helmets, and would also require reflective clothing at night, under penalty of \$25 fines.

Pro-bike groups point out that the law will set up an unnecessary barrier to casual bicycling and imply that bikes are dangerous and sport-like, which will discourage people from biking. Studies are divided as to how much safer one is wearing a helmet, bike advocates point out, but what is certain is that as more cyclists fill the streets, we become more visible and it becomes safer for everyone to bicycle. While bicycling has increased dramatically in California since 2000, the rate of injury has dropped by 45%.

defensively – not because of laws, but because of common sense. When we come to a stop sign with no cars in sight, we preserve our momentum and roll right through. Not just *criminal* cyclists ride like this— every bicyclist rides like this.

Bikes are one of the last areas of life where you don't need a license, registration, insurance, or dependence on a huge corporation for fuel. Bikes are do-it-yourself – you power yourself, you can fix them yourself, a basic used one is cheap, it's free and quick to park, and they promote, self-reliance, decentralization, and independence.

Because of these factors, bicyclists share a strong sense of community, cooperation, sharing, and love. We wave and say hi when we pass each other; if we see someone who needs help we stop; and when we see other cyclists, it makes us happy, not filled with road rage.

Bicycling promotes a rolling meditative engagement with the world in which you notice your breathing, your heartbeat, the air's smell, and the colors of plants and houses you pass.

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believe in every woman's right to self-determination, and that includes sexually and economically."

She ultimately did not go back to teaching (at least not in a classroom) and decided to

spend more time on advocacy. Aside from counseling other sex workers at Saint James Infirmary, Shannon worked politically to decriminalize prostitution and combat the agenda that equated sex work with human trafficking. She helped get the city of SF to stop the cops from the absurd and abusive practice of using the possession of condoms as evidence for prostitution. When she died, she was working on a campaign to gain immunity from prosecution for sex workers who report a violent crime against themselves or one of their comrades. It's barbarous that a cop would try to arrest someone for prostitution who goes to the police in desperation after a violent assault or rape. Shannon's fierceness and plain-spoken reasoning will be missed in that fight and in others to come. And her generosity and beauty will be missed by everyone who knew and loved her.

Military Veterans

and Their Role

Continued from Page 1

in Revolution

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establishment of camp infrastructure such as medical tents, field kitchens, and security patrols. They trained people in the use of radios and taught basic first aid classes in public parks. Going forward, the challenge is to draw in the homeless and radicalized veterans, the ones still in possession of the strategic thinking granted to them by the United States

to step up their duty and reclaim some fresh living. Our hearts may still weep, yet our stories can inspire and our hands can teach. If we can provide some safety; provide some collective wisdom, learn from what it means to be under constant stress and hungry, and how through team work and dedication we were able to overcome our challenges, we can become an invaluable asset to the "revolution".

I would rather the military veteran compost

By Jesse D. Palmer

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Pro-bike groups point out that the law will set up an unnecessary barrier to casual bicycling and imply that bikes are dangerous and sport-like, which will discourage people from biking. Studies are divided as to how much safer one is wearing a helmet, bike advocates point out, but what is certain is that as more cyclists fill the streets, we become more visible and it becomes safer for everyone to bicycle. While bicycling has increased dramatically in California since 2000, the rate of injury has dropped by 45%.

An hour of bicycling is twice as safe as an hour riding in a car, plus the physical activity of bicycling dramatically reduces risk of health problems associated with inactivity. According to the California Bicycle Coalition citing a 2011 British Medical Journal study, "bicycling with or without a helmet saves as many as 77 lives for every life lost in a crash." After Australia required all adults to wear helmets in the early '90s, the rate of cycling began declining, according to a World Transport Policy and Practice study.

But let's be clear – one of the greatest strengths of bicycles as a technology, as a community, and as a way of life is that biking is free, mostly unregulated, cheap and therefore egalitarian, ecologically sustainable, constantly inspiring, beautiful, graceful, balanced, healthy fun, joyful, and sexy. Bicyclists obey the laws of physics and nature, keenly aware of gravity, hills, wind conditions, light and weather. We're small and vulnerable, so we pay close attention while we're riding and bike

defensively – not because of laws, but because of common sense. When we come to a stop sign with no cars in sight, we preserve our momentum and roll right through. Not just *criminal* cyclists ride like this— every bicyclist rides like this.

Bikes are one of the last areas of life where you don't need a license, registration, insurance, or dependence on a huge corporation for fuel. Bikes are do-it-yourself – you power yourself, you can fix them yourself, a basic used one is cheap, it's free and quick to park, and they promote, self-reliance, decentralization, and independence.

Because of these factors, bicyclists share a strong sense of community, cooperation, sharing, and love. We wave and say hi when we pass each other; if we see someone who needs help we stop; and when we see other cyclists, it makes us happy, not filled with road rage.

Bicycling promotes a rolling meditative engagement with the world in which you notice your breathing, your heartbeat, the air's smell, and the colors of plants and houses you pass. Unlike driving, you don't become hypnotized and tuned out – isolated and insulated from the world around you. Bicyclists focus on and appreciate the people and neighborhoods close to them. Unsustainable fossil-fueled transit warps one's sense of speed, time and space by giving the illusion that going fast and far is easy. This is a selfish, shortsighted, outdated illusion we must move beyond to survive on our fragile planet.

Bicycles are freedom machines that help us think, live, and interact in new more healthy, sustainable and respectful ways. As the world teeters on the brink of collapse, it's crucial that we defend and expand wild unregulated corners of reality that are thriving free from the oppressive weight of corporations and their government bureaucracies. The biggest risk to cyclists are *cars* driven recklessly by yahoos who yell "wear a helmet" to every bicyclist they see. Get on your bike and ride, and, if you want, wear a helmet sometimes.

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Military Veterans and Their Role in Revolution

Continued from Page 1

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establishment of camp infrastructure such as medical tents, field kitchens, and security patrols. They trained people in the use of radios and taught basic first aid classes in public parks. Going forward, the challenge is to draw in the homeless and radicalized veterans, the ones still in possession of the strategic faculties granted to them by the United States Military, and the ones who most need to refocus their lives through this type of work, so they can come together as organized groups to combat social injustice and war.

The veteran has a vested interest in ending the war (Now). The problem these days is that the average American civilian has no skin in the game since America's wars have increasingly come to be fought by other peoples' children. With no draft, war is fought by poor people commanded by rich people.

Today's anti-war movement is vigorous; it is hard at work, everyday, somewhere in the streets protesting the ongoing wars. But who is *fighting* against the wars? Who is sabotaging production facilities, jamming communications, interrupting supply lines? Who is blockading munitions plants, hacking the Pentagon or physically preventing military recruiters (head hunters) from coming onto our children's school campus?

Veterans from all walks of military life need

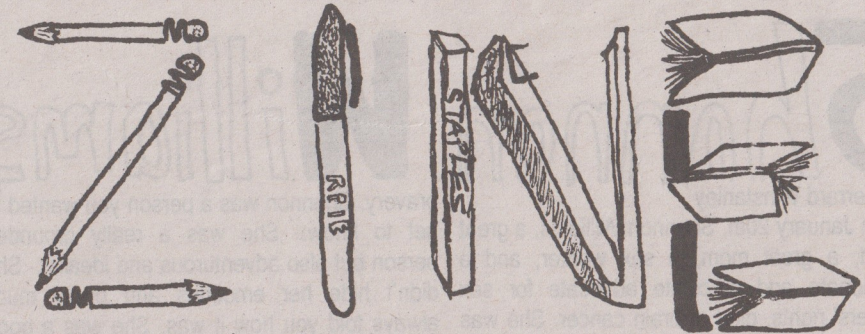
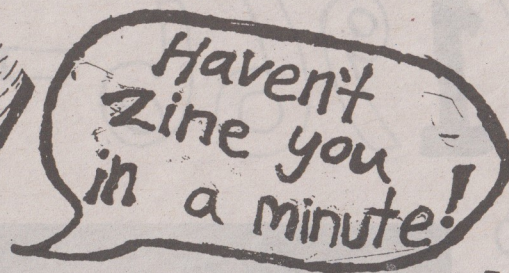
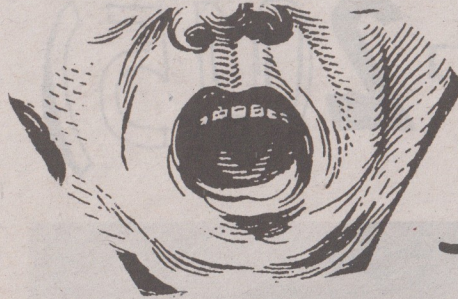
to step up their duty and reclaim some fresh living. Our hearts may still weep, yet our stories can inspire and our hands can teach. If we can provide some safety; provide some collective wisdom, learn from what it means to be under constant stress and hungry, and how through team work and dedication we were able to overcome our challenges, we can become an invaluable asset to the "revolution".

I would rather the military veteran compost their skills and experience into a productive force for change, not succumb to the pressures of "re-integrating" into the War Culture; not throw away the GI Bill trying to "become" a happy tax payer by getting a business degree, getting into security jobs, etc.

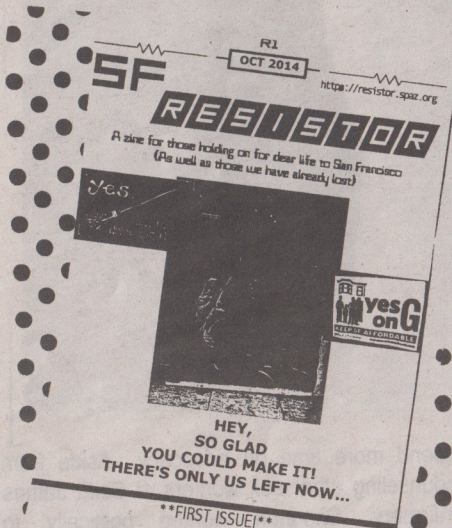
Use that money for music lessons, art school...pursue your passion, even if it is business; let your business lead the way in hiring veterans for "green" jobs...do not try to fit into the social templates that are *expected* of you.

Recall the many jams you got yourselves out of by coming up with unexpected solutions.

I say, quite LOUDLY: Fuck the system. Fuck it for every sleepless night, every bottle of pills, every failed relationship, every lost job, every lost limb, and every life wasted making those fuckers at the top richer than we will ever be. FUCK THEM for every drunk driving accident, every beaten spouse, and every bottle hidden under the bed.



Zines are given special consideration here because we encourage people to make a tangible document over thought explored only online. One way to view a zine maker is as a guerilla fighter. If we had more time and energy, we could also write about the more organized magazines & newspapers such as *Fifth Estate*, *Earth First*, *Black Seed* etc. that we are inspired by and want to see more widely read.



SF Resistor #1&2

sfresistor@riseup.net resistor.spaz.org
This features reporting and storytelling from a squatter's perspective that documents the last 4 years of the shifting terrain in San Francisco and is an example of someone who has given themselves up totally with the economic struggles in one of the world's most expensive



gardening is for eaters

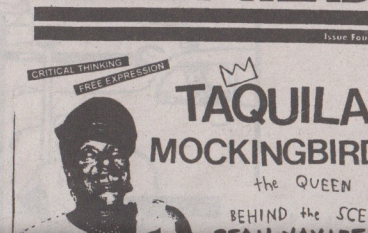
Laura-Marie, robotmad at gmail dot com
This so far is a stand alone 'zine by one of my favorite 'zinesters whose other work primarily focuses on mental illness and relationships, frequently expressed in poetry. As usual this one is thought provoking and well written. It includes interviews with three different gardeners with practices ranging from Permaculture and Guerrilla Gardening to Grow Biointensive. Books and the names of organic gardening and farming rock stars are cited for those interested in further research. Laura-Marie weaves her own experiences and feelings about agriculture through the text. Unfortunately, I think she put the cart before the horse by making a comprehensive list with brief descriptions of the things she was growing at the time with one of the interviewees after the intro and before the interviews. This was a bit tedious and would have made more sense as an appendix. In the

Passionate and Dangerous: Conversations with Midwestern Anti-Authoritarians and Anarchists

edited by Mark Bohnert, distributed by AK Press.

Comprised mostly of interviews done in 1998 and '99 with radicals from Chicago and Springfield, IL; St. Louis and Columbia, MO; Detroit, Bloomington, rural and urban Tennessee, and one undisclosed location; there are also a couple interviews with national and international activists Peter Schumann of Bread and Puppet Theater and Food Not Bombs co-founder Keith McHenry, and an excerpt from ex-Black Panther Lorenzo Kom'boa Ervin's *Anarchism and the Black Revolution*. Projects range from making art, media, cooperative living, workers' collectives and running an Infoshop. This is an amazing snapshot of late '90s heartland radicalism in an area way too many people consider flyover country. Bohnert also obviously made a point of including the voices of women, people of color and queers in a non-tokenizing fashion. A couple of historical pieces show how these movements were grounded in longstanding traditions. (A. Iwasa)

FIX MY HEAD



P.U. #1

Free in Portland \$2 in the mail
portlandundergroundpaz@gmail.org
Talented artists are assembled together here on large pages of newsprint. Hardly any articles, just visuals to wow you. The art is similar to their neighbor publication *Pork* but without the lame regressive anti-PC front -- and way more space to appreciate the pictures. This publication may be born out of dissatisfaction with *Pork* and the other sorry ass things to look at which often have more ads than organic ideas. Various styles of art are represented that resemble everything from comic books to galleries. The subject matter includes the bizarre, spiritual, impressionistic and political. The paper is funded by the artists who are in it. The next issue is due out in June so move to the City of Roses, save some money for a page and get to work making it come alive. (egg)



Fix My Head #4-7

\$4.50 US per copy fixmyhead.storenvy.com
blog: annaxvo.tumblr.com

A radical Person Of Color publication, this covers a dynamic range of activists, punks and really smart people who are overlooked. Largely presented in interview format, issue #7 breaks routine and is all articles. The content is confrontational with the issues that are suppressed or maligned in mainstream discourse. More than anything I get the feeling



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This features reporting and storytelling from a squatter's perspective that documents the last 4 years of the shifting terrain in San Francisco and is an example of someone who has given themselves up totally with the economic struggles in one of the world's most expensive cities. He now lives free and writes with the conviction that this is the future we must consider. Proof that the counter culture may win people over with rad art – a zine like this could knock someone over whose on the fence to our side. The politics and prose have heart and are very coherent – a rare blend. (egg)

gardening is for eaters

Laura-Marie, robotmad at gmail dot com

This so far is a stand alone 'zine by one of my favorite 'zinesters whose other work primarily focuses on mental illness and relationships, frequently expressed in poetry. As usual this one is thought provoking and well written. It includes interviews with three different gardeners with practices ranging from Permaculture and Guerrilla Gardening to Grow Biointensive. Books and the names of organic gardening and farming rock stars are cited for those interested in further research. Laura-Marie weaves her own experiences and feelings about agriculture through the text. Unfortunately, I think she put the cart before the horse by making a comprehensive list with brief descriptions of the things she was growing at the time with one of the interviewees after the intro and before the interviews. This was a bit tedious and would have made more sense as an appendix. In the middle of this, she also offers a recipe which includes one of the plants, which I think probably should have just been printed since I think brief and easy tutorials are one of the best potential components of 'zines, and a lot of people could have missed the offer being buried in a list. (A. Iwasa)

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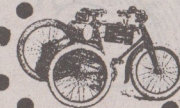
FIX MY HEAD



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A radical Person Of Color publication, this covers a dynamic range of activists, punks and really smart people who are overlooked. Largely presented in interview format, issue #7 breaks routine and is all articles. The content is confrontational with the issues that are suppressed or maligned in mainstream discourse. More than anything I get the feeling that there is a lot of zeal in the production of this without being zealot. It is this kind of concerted effort as seen on the page here that does a lot to make for real social change. By highlighting marginalized people and their work it should make it more inviting for you to participate in radical politics. (egg)



BOOK REVIEW: We read it for you

Dispatches Against Displacement: Field Notes from San Francisco's Housing Wars by James Tracy (2014 AK Press)

Review by Kathy Labriola

When I mention James Tracy's name to anyone anywhere in the San Francisco Bay Area, they invariably respond enthusiastically about how they worked closely with James on a specific housing or tenant-related struggle or in a particular progressive organization. They go on and on about what a fantastic organizer he is and "such a great guy, too!" He apparently has been involved in every affordable housing or tenants' rights struggle in San Francisco over the past quarter century. I'm even more amazed that he seems universally loved and respected by every activist left of center, which doesn't seem

many dedicated and brilliant activists and groups, he also criticizes strategic errors and his own perceived deficiencies. For instance, "One of the biggest ironies about our organizing is that we could be so ecumenical and so sectarian at the same time!"

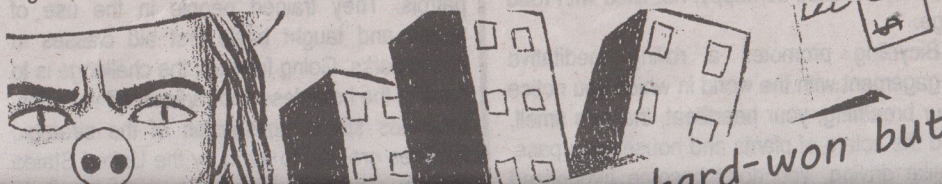
Tracy (and the reader) remain painfully aware that the cards are stacked very heavily against low-income and working-class tenants

new tech companies. In many housing struggles, the City government as well as Federal housing policy colluded with property owners to evict low-income residents to make way for luxury condos, upscale restaurants and stores, tech office buildings, or other more "profitable" uses.

Among the most current bad news Tracy delivers: the 2013 numbers show that a

organizing strategies are inspiring and eye-opening. Ever present is the debate and tension between "direct action" approaches such as squatting buildings, taking over City offices, and camping out on the lawns of developers' mansions, or "working through the system" strategies of testifying at public hearings, lobbying elected officials, lining up support from churches and unions, or writing ballot measures and campaigning for electoral change.

He also discusses some solutions, including Community Land Trusts. Tracy co-founded the San Francisco Community Land Trust (SFCLT) in 2001, and I am involved in the Bay Area Community Land Trust, so neither of us can



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Since he was directly involved in nearly every struggle covered in his book, he is not a dispassionate scholar. But he pulls off the feat of being "objective," as much as anyone who hates capitalism and landlord and developer greed could be. He places each organization and each fight against displacement in a historical context, and describes the myriad strategies, tactics, goals, and outcomes of each specific struggle. He has some sound hypotheses about why some tactics worked better than others in certain situations or at a particular historical moment. He acknowledges the euphoric successes as well as the spectacular failures, and, more often, the limited gains that were so hard-won but later swept away by yet another wave of gentrification a few years later. Applauding the

many dedicated and brilliant activists and groups, he also criticizes strategic errors and his own perceived deficiencies. For instance, "One of the biggest ironies about our organizing is that we could be so ecumenical and so sectarian at the same time!"

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He also discusses some solutions, including Community Land Trusts. Tracy co-founded the San Francisco Community Land Trust (SFCLT) in 2001, and I am involved in the Bay Area Community Land Trust, so neither of us can claim to be neutral. Tracy says SFCLT was founded on the question, "What if we could win the housing war?" If tenants controlled their own buildings, they could not be evicted and communities could not be displaced, so SFCLT has spent nearly 15 years procuring funds to buy buildings and training the tenants to take over self-management. He cautions against seeing this as a substitute for a larger movement against capitalist property relations. "It is important that land trusts be viewed as a sneak preview of a better world, instead of a utopia on a single city block."

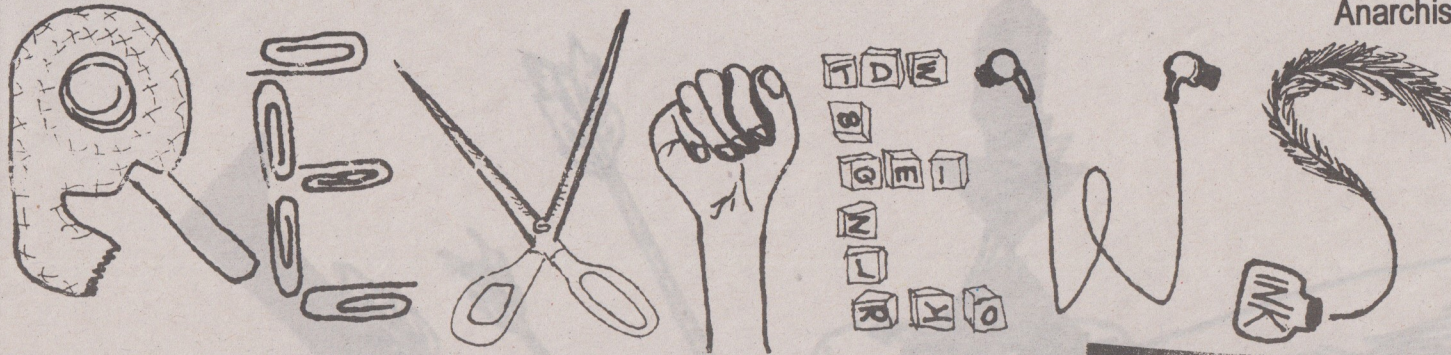
Despite the subject, this book is very upbeat and often laugh-out-loud funny. My only complaint is that it is too short and each chapter left me wanting much more information, as he is really trying to cover the waterfront in a brisk 119 pages (scrupulously footnoted).



in San Francisco. The law and the political power is always on the side of developers and landlords, who will always throw us under the bus because the obscene profits are just too irresistible. Starting with the displacement of African-Americans from the Western Addition in the 1950's through "Redevelopment," he then chronicles the 1990's "dot-com boom" forcing Latinos out of the Mission, to the current wave of mass evictions fueled by the

resident would have to make at least \$37.62 an hour, nearly 4 times the city's current minimum wage, in order to pay the average rent in San Francisco.

At every step of the way, diverse coalitions of activists and organizations have waged pitched battles against being forced out of their homes and neighborhoods. This book is a real page-turner! Despite some heavy losses, the courage, hard work, and dizzying array of



The Political Pre-History of Love and Rage: Anarchist Struggle in the 1980s and 1990s

by the Anarchist History Nerd Brigade
anarchisthistory.noblogs.org

The text of this 'zine was largely adopted from the article After Winter Must Come Spring: A Self-Critical Analysis of the Love & Rage Revolutionary Anarchist Federation and The 1997 Love and Rage Members Handbook. For anyone interested in how a serious attempt at organizing first a North American wide revolutionary Anarchist organization in the 1990s was able to form groups and co-ordinate the efforts of already existing organizations in the US, Mexico and Canada, please check this 'zine out. What I found most fascinating, was how many of the protests and anti-authoritarian movements in the 2000s were clearly descendents from happenings in the 1980s, such as protests against the major political parties' conventions in the US in 1988. I also was excited to read of how Neither East Nor West had emerged as an Anarchist response to a Revolutionary Communist Party USA (RCP) front group, No Business As Usual. For all the debate that goes on about how to try to maneuver as anti-authoritarians in or out of such organizing in the US, when it does at least sometimes manage to bring great numbers of people out in to the streets around just causes, it added another perspective I hadn't seen or heard before and would be interesting to learn more about. (By A. Iwasa)

Fixer Eraser #s 1-4

2 3/4" x 4 1/4", between 8-16 pgs. (Jonas, PO Box 633, Chicago, IL, 60690)

I was so bummed when I found out that Jonas would no longer be writing Cheer the Eff Up. The six issues of that zine put him way up on my list of favorite 'personal' zinesters, right alongside Cometbus and Crabb and Miller. But, I am happy to say, Jonas is not done with zines. He is now publishing Fixer Eraser. Each issue, from 1-4, is 1/8 sized, and either 8 or 16 pages long. Though they're tiny, they pack a punch. They feature the kind of writing I've come to expect from Jonas -- bitter, no hard truths held back, yet not completely despairing. One thing that impresses me most about Jonas' writing is that he doesn't pretty things up. He digs right into the dark heart of life, and does not try and turn that darkness into beauty. Still, while they don't spare any sorrow, they each offer something to hold on to. Each issue of Fixer Eraser is based around some sort of story or theme. #1 is about how broken robots keep moving. #2 is about love and good pairs of boots. #3 is about identity and ally-ship and houses on fire. And #4 -- the most recent and by far the most poignant of the four -- is about art and death, and it leaves you with this: you are not alone. (Rust Belt Jessie)



Functionally Ill #18

\$2 + shipping, 4 1/4" x 5 1/2", 20 pgs.

robotmad@gmail.com

www.etsy.com/shop/robotmad

It's tricky to write about the topics which Laura Marie covers in Functionally Ill. It's tricky because depression is boring. All emo teenage posturing to the contrary, it is boring to struggle to get out of bed every day, or to be able to think of nothing but killing yourself. So how do you write about those things in a way that anyone would want to read? I think the tendency is to go too far away from realism; to romanticize it. But there is nothing romantic about these topics, and the danger in romanticizing them is that it might make some people less likely to get help, thinking that their suffering is some glamorous badge of honor. So, again, how do you write about them in a way that's readable but not romantic? Laura-

(A)N(EX)I\$T\$

March 20 - 22

North American Anarchist Studies Network
Conference Calif. Institute for Integral Studies
San Francisco naasn.org

March 21

Railroad Workers United (RWU) Conference
Seattle WA railroadworkersunited.org

March 21

First Toledo Free School Festival
toledofreeschool.org

March 28th-April 3

Nevada Desert Experience's anti-nuke & anti-drone peace walk nevadadesertexperience.org

April 12 - 11 - 5 pm

Long Beach Zine Fest Museum of Latin America 628 Alamitos Ave Long Beach CA
lbzinefest.com

April 17-19

All Power to the Imagination Conference
Presentations, workshops, and group discussions New College of Florida
allpowertotheimagination.com

April 18 - 10 - 4

10th Annual Walk Against Rape - Women's Building 3543 18th St. SF sfwar.org/walk/

April 18 - 11am - 6pm

NYC Anarchist Bookfair. Judson Memorial Church 55 Washington Square S, NY, NY
10012 anarchistbookfair.net

April 22-25

School of the Americas Watch Spring Days of Action! soaw.org

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Cometbus #56

It has been well over a year since Cometbus #55 but this was well worth the wait! This issue is 112 pages of an aging punk's perspectives on being a book dealer in New York City in an A to Z format. This issue has all the usual witty and curmudgeonly comments that make Cometbus fun and worth reading no matter what the topics covered are. Once a friend who saw me reading Cometbus said "I can't tell if you're laughing or crying when you're reading that," to which I replied, "Neither can I." This applied to #56 just as much as previous editions. (By A. Iwasa)

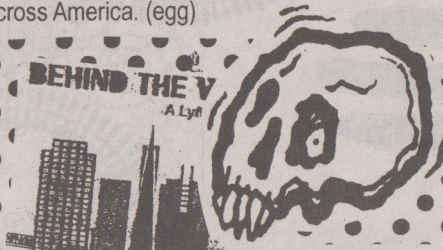
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Rabbit Rabbit Rasbbit #3

colinquackpack@live.com

A zine can resemble anything from a pamphlet to a magazine. The number of variations is part of the medium's charm. This work has pages that look like assembled collage. The photocopier is used to capture animal bones, novelty buttons and sewing supplies to decorate the written word. The ideas that are captured can be confused with poetry at times and is condensed with revolutionary euphoria. The largest body of writing is a tour diary that will speak to people who are immersed in the punk music scene. Overall this issue is a powerful directory of the underground in cities across America. (egg)



(Pitdown) Behind the Wheel #1&2

Kellydessiant.com/pitdown PO Box 22974
Oakland CA 94609

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April 24

San Francisco Critical Mass bike ride - Justin Herman Plaza www.sfcriticalmass.org

April 25 - 10-6

SF Bay Area anarchist book fair 1260 Seventh Street bayareaanarchistbookfair.com

April 25 - 26

2015 Brooklyn Zine Fest @ The Brooklyn Historical Society 128 Pierrepont St. NY
brooklynzinefest.com/

April 26 10 - 5

Berkeley Anarchist Students of Theory & Research & Development conference UC Berkeley sfbay-anarchists.org

May 30- June 7

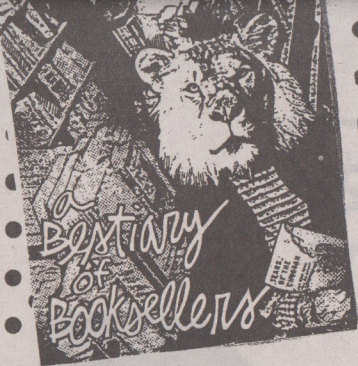
11th Annual Mountain Justice Summit Kanawha State Forest, West Virginia
kanawhaforestcoalition.org/

June 4-5

Protest the G7 Summit @ Castle of Elmau Bavarian Alps, Germany stop-g7-elmau.info

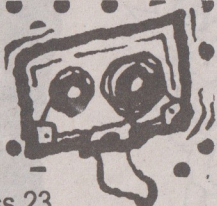
June 11

Day Of Solidarity with Marius Mason and all Eco-Prisoners june11.org



Cometbus #56

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No Gods, No Mattress 23

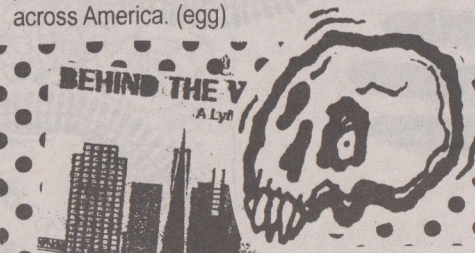
\$3-4.00 enola d P.O. Box 3936 Berkeley, CA 94703

No Gods, No Mattress 23 is Enola's latest very personal perzine. It's the sex issue. It's done in an aesthetically pleasing cut-and-paste typewriter style and is thick at 68 pages. My favorite thing about it is the beautiful voice it's written in. Language is playful and fresh. Content covers childhood sexual abuse, a failed attempt at riding freight to Portland, travel, staying in a shack, health, getting older, personal style, crying, queerness, dating, feelings about sex. I found myself relating. Vulnerable yet fun, this is a zine the world needs. (Nest)

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colinquackpack@live.com

A zine can resemble anything from a pamphlet to a magazine. The number of variations is part of the medium's charm. This work has pages that look like assembled collage. The photocopier is used to capture animal bones, novelty buttons and sewing supplies to decorate the written word. The ideas that are captured can be confused with poetry at times and is condensed with revolutionary euphoria. The largest body of writing is a tour diary that will speak to people who are immersed in the punk music scene. Overall this issue is a powerful directory of the underground in cities across America. (egg)



(Piltown) Behind the Wheel #1&2

Kellydessiant.com/piltown PO Box 22974 Oakland CA 94609

This personal zine captures the collected thoughts and experiences of a low wage ride share driver. He interprets the invasion of high tech "Jerks" that he services and also spells out the destruction of the local counter culture. War stories abound. But this zine humanizes the aggressors revealing that they are actually fallible people who are struggling -- a few of them are even well intentioned. Much of the money floating around is unsustainable and this zine reveals that the techies are a door knock away from shitting in the streets themselves. What was most alarming about reading this was the subtle admissions by the author of the wreck of a life that's to be squeezed from driving a ride share -- one in which his body is being worn down. All this hustling just to get by with no security for getting old or having any money at the end of the road. A document of the rotting corpse of capitalism. (egg)

stories about attending a support group, about feeling suicidal, and about the fear of moving to a new place and leaving her favorite therapist behind. Her writing style is succinct and sharp. Each section is like a tiny arrow that makes you wince in recognition or think: "Damn, it would be awful to go through that." One thing I like about the way Laura-Marie addresses mental illness is that she does not push the medical model, but she doesn't flat-out reject it either. She takes the viewpoint that medication can be helpful, but that are many other factors involved in mental illness, and only community and therapy can help with those. My favorite sections of the zine come at the end - "visualization for the suicidal me or you" and "affirmations for the suicidal me or you." Thanks, Laura-Marie. (Rust Belt Jessie)



Bacon in the Beans #4

PO Box 4912 Thousand Oaks CA 91359 \$3 U.S. \$6 Global

A hodge podge of humor and storytelling with a punk attitude and inclination to the music scene. A couple of prisoners are given space -- as well as a degenerate thug who use the "B" word to painful degrees. Another strike is the horrible font used on some pages that is too small to read or is just badly scribbled. Enough variety here with comics, reportage and delivery for it not to be a waste of your attention span. (egg)

Herman Plaza www.stcriticallmass.org

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June 11

Day Of Solidarity with Marius Mason and all Eco-Prisoners june11.org

July 18-19

Portland, OR Zine Symposium Ambridge Event Center www.portlandzinesymposium.org

July 24

National Day of Action to Lift the Blockade on Gaza war-times.org/action

July 25

Deadline for art and radical historical dates for 2016 Slingshot Organizer - drop in & help us make the organizer.

August 8

Slut Walk D.C. slutwalkdc.com

August 23 • 4 pm

New Volunteer meeting for Slingshot issue #119 - 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley

September 12 • 3 pm

Article deadline for issue #119



SLINGS

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SLINGSHOT

Issue #18
Spring 2015

FREE



SUNDAY DRIVING

My mom and dad are from the northern part of Luzon, which is one of the largest islands in the Philippines.

When we were first moved to Fairfax County, Virginia my mom used to tell me that police cars were sundae cars that had a cherry on top. When my dad would be driving along the freeway, anywhere in the U.S., my mom was always warning him to watch out for his "friend".

Sitting in the car over the years I wondered each time why she always used such colorful euphemisms? I mean they were the cops, right? And surely, right? They needed to be mean, right? Cops are the bad guys, right? Why was she constantly warning me to watch out for my "friend", always trying to make them seem like gods and goddesses?

I continued to wonder that question each time she would point out a "friend" or "sundae car", and all the "friends" pulled over on the side of the road behind my dad. And when I would ask why she would warn me because their cars looked like sundae cars, they were "friends".

Finally, at seventeen years old I got my driver's license. I drove around in my mom's borrowed Cullis Catala and I felt free. I would drive along grateful to see all of those "sundae" cars on the road, my "friends" looking out for me.

And then one day, I don't remember when, I was way too free with my foot on the gas driving down a highway and I saw that cherry light up. It was so red like the maraschino on a sundae. I saw the blue pulses and I heard the siren. I was pretty nervous, but I knew I had broken the law and I was hoping it wouldn't be too bad.

I turned off my radio, rolled down my window, and remembered to immediately put my hands back on the steering wheel at 10 and 2.

The cop walked up, "license and registration?" I carefully grabbed my wallet and the registration out of the glove box and handed them to him with a smile and said, "here you are officer."

He just looked at me, look what I handed him and walked to his vehicle. I was getting super nervous because he was using the radio looking at my license plate and registration and license. Fuck did I break some weird law that involved speeding?

After a while the officer came back and asked whose car I was driving. I told him my mom's. He then asked, "I know who he pulled me over? Shit, a trick question because I really didn't know why except the speeding thing. But he took so long at his car I thought it had to have been more. So I decided that police speeding?"

He agreed and told me I was doing 90 in a 60 zone, and that he was pulling me over because he should arrest me. But he checked my record (rightfully) - "oh he was talking on the radio and taking so long - and my record was clean."

So he was going to do me a big favor. Now he's smiling. He was going to write down that I was doing only 10 miles over so that he didn't have to arrest me and I can go to traffic school to avoid the point penalty. I was so relieved, I signed my ticket and went along on my merry way vowing never to break the law again.

After that, I proceeded to get pulled over about 20+ more times in different cities: Irvine, CA, Houston, TX, Costa Mesa, CA, Fresno, CA, San Jose, CA, stretches of the I-5 and 405 in Southern California, stretches of the 94 and the 152 in Central and Northern California, and Oakland, CA.

Each time the cops would speed, unsafe lane change, rolling stop, running a red, passengers not wearing seatbelts, broken taillights, out of alignment, out of headlights, non-working turn signals, obstructed back view, not signaling, etc. I was most often pulled over with a carload of friends, sometimes with my son in the car.

The first time my son was in the car was the most terrifying because the police officer would verbally assault me and shame me. I would cry desperate tears. Tears begging him not to make me get out of the car and arrest me and take my son to Child Protective Services.

The more sadistic ones pushed me to tears that terrified my son. In the rear view mirror through my own tears and sobbing, I could see his eyes wide, hear him whimpering not to take his mommy away. I would try to signal with my eyes it would be okay and he would begin to cry, sobbing, because he knew it was never okay.

I would look at the cops, bile rising in my throat because I could see the sadistic glee on their faces, feel their hate radiating. "Is that your son in the back?" "I see you don't have a wedding ring?" "Do you always drive like this with children in the car?" Assuming I must have more than one.

I could hear their pulsating thoughts in their questions, this little single mother driving recklessly with one of her many half-breed children in the back deserves to know she is irresponsible and shameful. And that as an officer of the law they must see to it that I know my worth is determined by their laws.

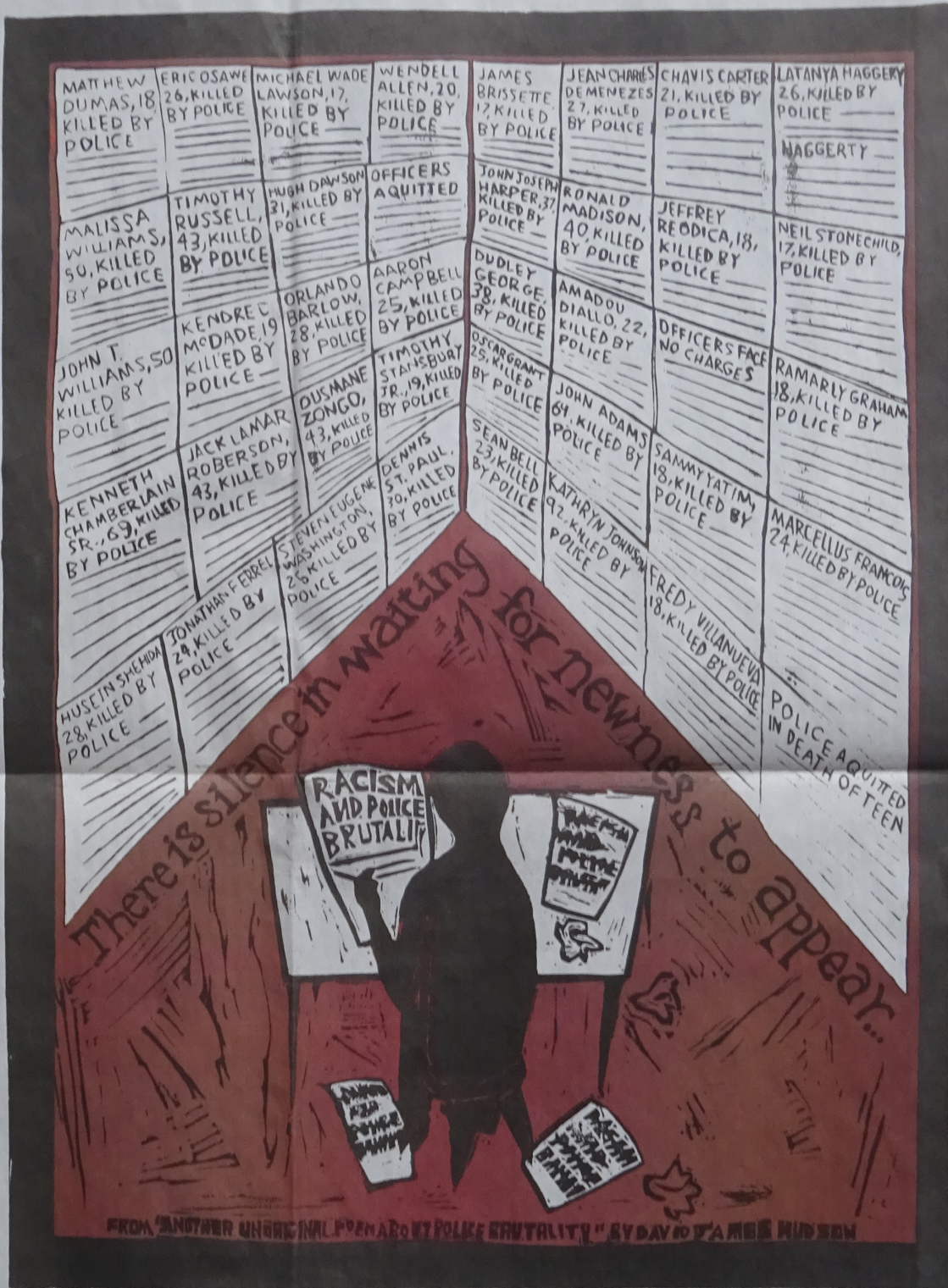
After every one of those encounters I would signal, carefully pull back in to the roadway and drive until the police was no longer behind me. Then I would find a safe street that looked quiet, turn, pull over and cry until I was dry heaving and sick. My son was terrified and confused about how to make me stop crying.

I would then pull myself together in the form of parking myself for stupidity going with the flow of traffic, and well, police officers not signaling the mandatory number of feet before turning or changing lanes. I would move to my baby boy's car, get out of the car, get away from the curb and drive as safely as possible.

As we drove home I would point out the police cars and how they looked like sundae cars with cherries on top. I would tell my son that he had to be mean to them when I saw my "friends".

And maybe next time we were out driving could he point out when he saw our "friends", that ride around in sundae cars with cherries on top so I could be extra super careful.

And each time he would tell me angrily that those cars don't look like sundae cars and they are not our friends.

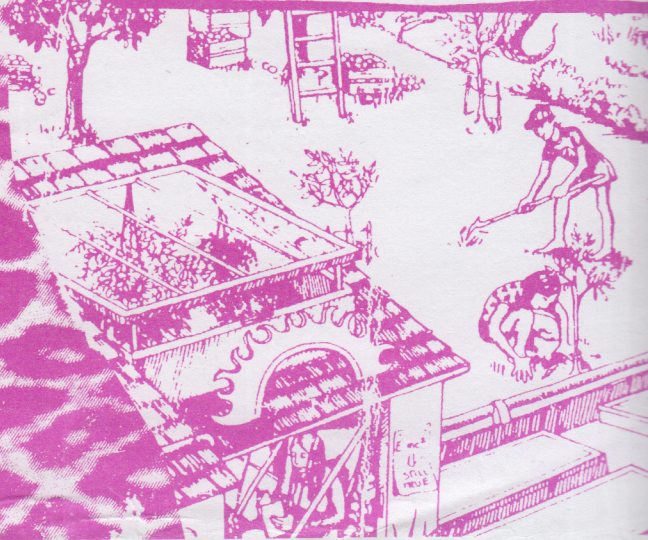


END POLICE BRUTALITY

WRITE. SPEAK. PRESS RECORD. BEAR WITNESS. LOOK BEYOND INDIVIDUAL INCIDENTS, OFFICERS, AND FORCES. TALK WITH YOUR FRIENDS. LISTEN TO YOUR NEIGHBOURS. ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT PRISONS. ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT PROFITS. ASK ABOUT WHITENESS. ASK ABOUT WHAT'S IN THE NEWS AND WHAT'S NOT. ASK ABOUT HISTORY - ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN. AND DO NOT BE SURPRISED IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN. BUT PREPARE TO BE OUTRAGED.

* THIS POSTER IS A COLLABORATION BETWEEN PORT DAVID JAMES HUDSON AND ARTISTS ANNIE BAKES AND MOLLY JANE *

LONG HAUL
3124 SHATTUCK AVENUE
Berkeley CA 94705



3 last issue
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